

Nation's Business

A GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN

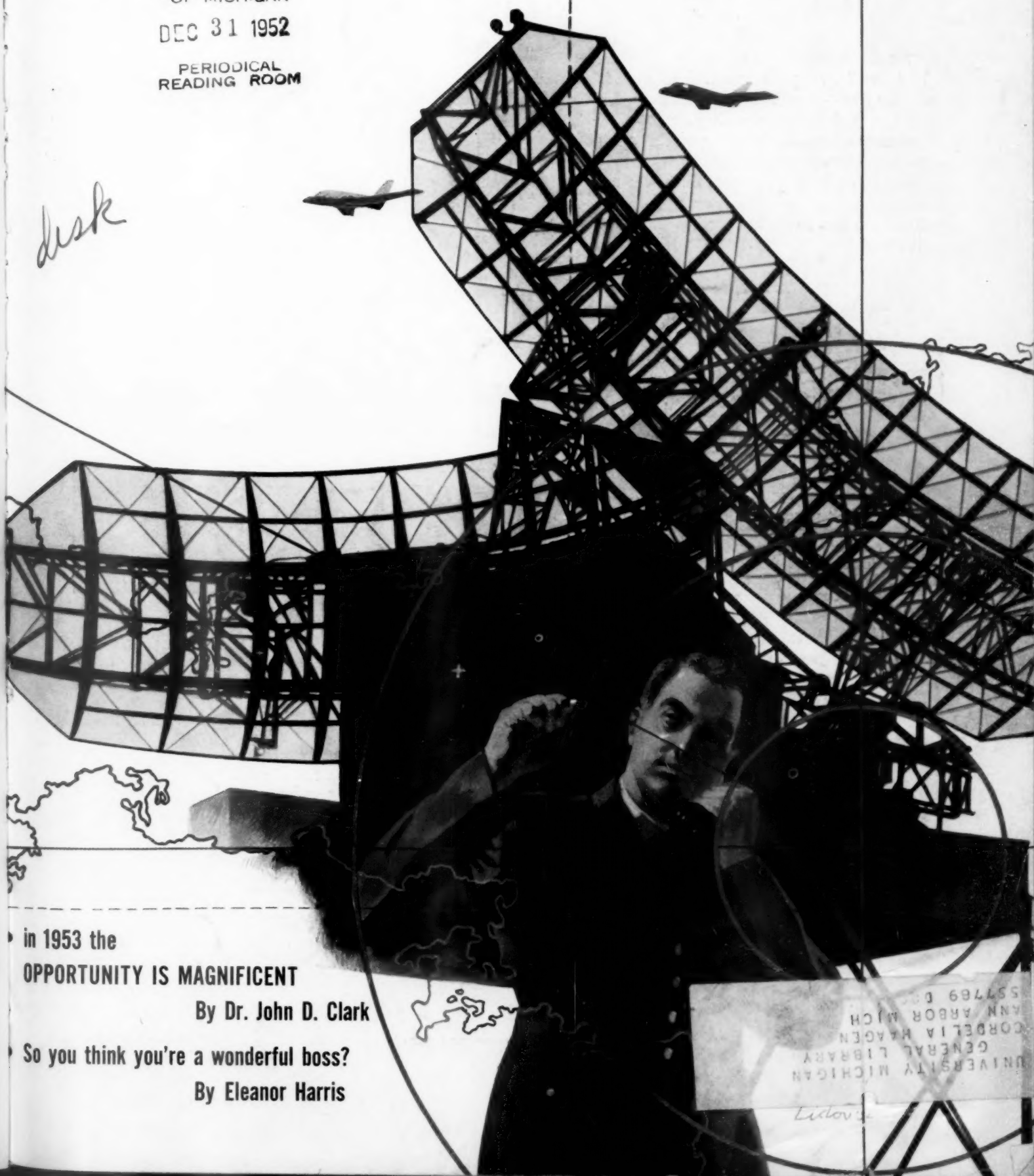
JANUARY 1953

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OPPORTUNITY IS MAGNIFICENT

By Dr. John D. Clark

• So you think you're a wonderful boss?

By Eleanor Harris

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

THIS country's active fight for freedom began, according to Longfellow, with a simple communications order:

*"Hang a lantern aloft in the
belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as
a signal light."*

That lantern's feeble gleam grew into a form of government that enlightened the world. The intervening years have changed many things but unhappily a nation's safety may still depend on adequate warning "to be up and to arm" against an enemy that will come in heavy bombers at almost sonic speed.

The light which will give that warning is the "orange peel" antenna of radar which our cover by ARTHUR LIDOV depicts. As the apparatus rotates, radio waves search the sky and return as echoes to record their findings on an electronic screen whence they are telephoned to a control center. Airmen evaluate the data and plot positions of approaching aircraft on the upright disk that Mr. Lidov has included in his painting.

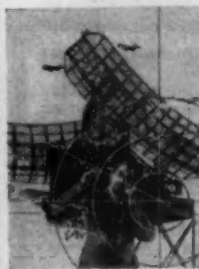
From control centers the Air Defense Command's interceptor planes and antiaircraft batteries are alerted. If the reported planes are hostile, the defenders are ready.

The men who stand guard on this modern stockade are a devoted lot, often banished by duty to the lonely rims of the continent so that the country they defend may have all possible time to meet the dangers they report. Often, except for the driver of the truck that jounces supplies over specially built roads, they see no humans except their fellow workers for weeks. Some, whom trucks cannot reach, are accessible only by plane or helicopter. A few, in winter, can be reached only by dog sled.

Theirs is a new service.

First successes in the development of radar came in the late 1930's almost simultaneously in the United States, England, France and Germany. By 1938, the Royal Air Force was using five stations in the protection of the Thames estuary. In succeeding years a radar network guarded Britain, to the considerable discomfiture of the Luftwaffe.

In this country the radar industry scarcely existed before 1940



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but, during the war, its growth was tremendous.

Plans for our defense screen were drawn up after World War II and installations begun in 1950. Already Congress has appropriated nearly \$300,000,000 for the project.

Neither the system nor the apparatus is yet perfect. Radar projections will not follow the curvature of the earth and irregular terrain prevents reliable recordings at low levels.

So civilian volunteers of the Ground Observer Corps plug the unprotected gaps between stations. The Air Force has called for 500,000 civilians to man these lookout posts. Without them enemy bombers could pierce the radar stockade by flying below its scope. GOC now affects 27 states. Ultimately 36 will be included.

Thus sentinels in modern lookout towers stand guard over America just as the pioneers did—and the signal light is ready.

YOU'VE been reading a lot of business forecasts lately—some happy, some not so happy, quite a few a little worried about what might happen sometime around the middle of the year.

Well, how do things look to a businessman, banker, lawyer, teacher, and economist who has been watching business as a full-time profession from the vantage point of the President's executive offices for the past six years.

JOHN D. CLARK has little doubt about what might happen sometime around the middle of the year. He's quite sure business will be excellent—just like it will be before the middle, and after it. He tells about his views in "The Opportunity Is Magnificent" on page 25.

After winning two college degrees, Dr. Clark began to practice law in Cheyenne, Wyo. That was in 1907. Later he became general counsel for the Midwest Refining Company, and went along when it became a part of Standard Oil Company of Indiana. He became a director and vice president of Standard of Indiana, and also president of Midwest.

Then he took a step that many men think about, but few actually take. He resigned from business and went back to school. At 47 he was awarded a Ph.D. and Phi Beta Kappa honors at Johns Hopkins University, where he majored in economics. As professor of eco-

nomics, he taught at the University of Denver and the University of Nebraska. He was dean of the College of Business Administration at Nebraska when President Truman appointed him a member of the Council of Economic Advisers in 1946. He is its vice chairman.

Also in his background: member of the board of the American National Bank in Cheyenne; director of the Omaha branch, Federal Reserve Bank. His book, "The Federal Trust Policy," was published in 1931.

He's a Democrat—once served in the Wyoming legislature, and has been a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. Says he: "Maybe I shouldn't be handing the Republicans such a good year. But it's coming."

IN THE past, manufacturing in Europe was geared to the production of luxury items, mostly for export. Nobody bothered particularly about the workers. Low wages were paid and consumption among them was of little concern. Now the picture is changing.

PAUL E. DEUTSCHMAN reports this in "Europe's New Type of Businessman."

He traveled 2,000 miles in Europe to interview businessmen and visit plants. Mr. Deutschman has been in Europe since 1950, when he went as an official of the Marshall Plan, a job he resigned early last year in order to write. He lives in Paris.

THE FICTION this month deals with a poker game. The author, **FLETCHER FLOYD ISBELL**, fears greatly that he will be branded an inveterate poker player. He is not, he claims, despite long service as a Washington newspaperman.

The theme came to him a couple of years ago after he read about a cashier who turned down an opportunity to risk his bank's money on a poker hand. The cashier thereupon was rebuked by the president. "A straight flush," the president roared, "is good for the total assets of this institution."

This incident, which actually happened, was placed in an era (1870 to 1900) and an area (the Southwest) familiar to the author. Born in Indian Territory, Mr. Isbell has long been interested in the lore of the frontier region. This knowledge provided him with the background to write about "The Man Who Didn't Gamble."

EVAN M. WYLIE is infatuated with any old tub that floats, and he takes rides on tugs, tankers, ocean liners and freighters whenever he

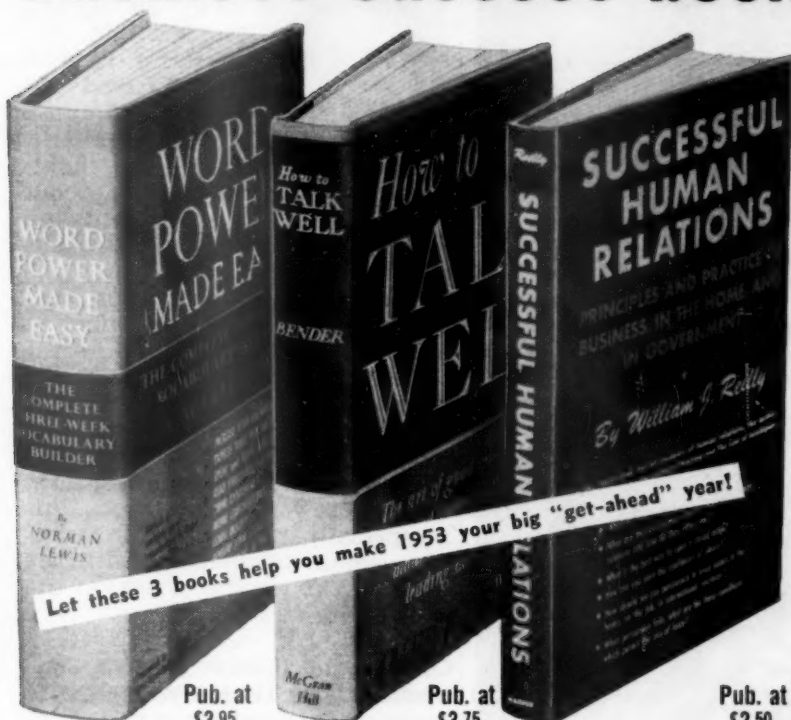


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guideposts to popularity, 3 rules that assure you a more persuasive voice, 18 ways successful speakers control stage fright, 24 ways to keep an audience alert and responsive, and 38 ways to conduct meetings and be a good chairman. Here are ways to overcome timidity, think on your feet, acquire poise and confidence, make your voice sound better, prepare and deliver an effective speech. Spend a few minutes each day reading this book. You will, in a remarkably short time, acquire the kind of speech that commands respect, influences people, and gets things done.

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can. On a recent excursion into the Caribbean he became interested in how the cruise ship business operates. Back in New York, he did a bit of landbound cruising in the steamship line district in lower Manhattan, then wrote his article. He got inspiration by riding ferries during lunch hour.

THE ARTICLE on office burglaries grew out of an experience that **KEITH MONROE** had once in a New York skyscraper.



Mr. Monroe, who lives in Santa Monica, Calif., was visiting in the East. A friend permitted him to use a typewriter in his office one night. He finished about 2 a.m., then rang

for the night elevator operator, but nobody came.

Finally he walked down uncountable flights of stairs, unbolted a door and left.

What a succulent setup for burglars, the author thought. So he checked with insurance companies and police bureaus.

An office safe isn't always as hard to open as you might think. This is especially true if there isn't anyone around to interfere with the man who knows the "Tricks of the Office Burglar's Trade."

ONE of the busiest men in Connecticut is **DR. LEON F. WHITNEY**. He conducts a small-animal veterinary practice, does cancer research and other scientific investigations with animals, cares for 80 tanks full of guppies, writes juvenile and scientific books—and hunts coons.



Dr. Whitney, for whom coon hunting is something like religion, recommends taking the wife along. "Cooning," he says, "has cemented our relationship more than spooning."

At his home, deep in the woods near Orange, a suburb of New Haven, Dr. Whitney raises his own Redbone coon hounds. Formerly he raised bloodhounds. His zest for breeding and training better animals has resulted in some superb hunters. His trailers have reinforced the manhunters of the New York State Police and Scotland Yard in London.

His story, "Nocturne of the Coon Dogs," is a real adventure yarn.

► YOU CAN STOP wondering what will happen to the economy when defense spending levels off—it already has.

What happened? U. S. industrial activity rose to a new postwar high. That movement was in sharp contrast to a tumble widely expected.

It emphasizes point that today's high business level rests on consumers' effective demand, rather than rising defense needs.

(See "In 1953 the Opportunity is Magnificent," page 25.)

U. S. security expenditures doubled between outbreak of Korean War and second quarter in '51.

Another 50 per cent increase occurred by last year's second quarter.

Now let's look at what's happened since then—

April expenditures for military services (excluding foreign aid) were \$3,640,000,000.

In the eight-month period, April through November, these expenditures averaged \$3,505,000,000 per month.

That's \$135,000,000 per month below the April level.

Note: There's been comparatively little inventorying of many military items. Stepped-up war in Korea, or elsewhere, would mean higher military expenditures immediately.

► CONSUMERS' PRICES have a slight upslant.

Low commodity prices will be offset—between manufacturer and consumer—by higher wages, utility costs, transportation charges.

For example: Utility plants now coming into production were built at highest cost level in history. And that means higher rates in the future.

Manufacturers in other lines have same problem as rising wage levels push against higher efficiency in new plant.

Probable outlook: Rise of 1 or 2 per cent in consumer prices.

► LOOK FOR A ROUGH time with labor problems this year.

Whatever the problems are there's little chance the going will be smooth.

There will be much talk of unity coming from new heads of CIO, AFL.

But back of it will be anything but unity. Wounds suffered in fight for

presidency of CIO will take time to heal.

There are strong factions within the organization, not yet compromised. Walter Reuther heads aggressive, young, ambitious thinking.

Allan S. Haywood, who lost out to him in the bitter battle for the top job, heads the older, more seasoned, somewhat more conservative groups.

There will be pulling and hauling at the top, as factions reach for power, position.

AFL will be another source of unity talk. But its leaders have in mind another kind of unity—they'll try to take over as much of CIO as they can.

Don't underestimate George Meaney, new AFL president. He's shrewd, smart—and backed by the larger, older union federation. It's solidly behind him.

All this is likely to filter down to local levels in competition for wage hikes, bids for affiliation.

Martin Durkin, old line AFL unionist and new Secretary of Labor designate, may have calming influence.

He represents new Administration's desire to get along with unions, to keep labor peace.

Unions will want to go along with him—if their organizational problems will let them.

Most important factor in outlook for contract negotiations, of course, is cost of living.

If it rises unionists will try to cover it with increased wages. If it doesn't they would have trouble getting strike support.

► YOU'VE HEARD that backlog of public works awaits chance to move in, take up any slack that develops in the economy.

But how? In what lines? Where? When? Cleveland offers good example. It has plans all ready, money to carry them out.

Here's record high \$54,000,000 improvement program—in city of Cleveland alone—endorsed by voters who approved bond issues to finance it:

- \$6,000,000 for freeways, highways.
- \$3,000,000 for hospital improvements.
- \$3,000,000 for playgrounds.
- \$3,000,000 for street repaving.
- \$6,000,000 for airports.
- \$1,500,000 for park improvements.
- \$2,500,000 for small-boat harbors,

and for other lakefront improvements.

\$7,000,000 for urban redevelopment, elimination of slums.

\$7,000,000 for sewers, curtailment of lake pollution.

\$6,000,000 for sewage disposal facilities.

\$500,000 for new incinerators.

\$1,000,000 for zoo buildings.

\$1,000,000 for bridges.

\$1,000,000 for expansion, improvements at juvenile correction institutions.

\$2,000,000 for off-street parking.

\$3,500,000 for purchase of right of way for major thoroughfare improvements.

That's one program, one city—and it reaches into almost every industry.

State superintendent of public works reports New York's essential highway rehabilitation could cost \$2,884,500,000, take ten years.

► **HIGH OPERATING COST** means high break-even point, requires high volume for profitable operations.

That's generally—but not always—true. Some manufacturing lines may find peak operations do not mean peak profits.

Example: Bethlehem Steel operates at capacity. But Pres. Arthur B. Homer says production cut to 85 or 90 per cent of capacity would not cut profits.

Why? Because capacity operations require overtime for production and repairs—an expense that would be eliminated at a lower production rate.

Situation suggests that capacity—in some lines, at least—is not too great for profitable operations at lower level. Or that it's not great enough for present business volume.

► **INTEREST RATES** are going up.

That's indicated by rate on Treasury bills. Last month it exceeded 2 per cent for the first time in nearly 20 years.

Rate is set in open-market bidding for short-term Treasury bills. In general it establishes the price for money.

Last time it passed 2 per cent was in 1933. In 1947 it was .4 per cent.

Fivefold increase reflects sharply changing supply of money relative to demand.

Experience shows commercial rates follow Treasury bill rate movements by a month or so.

Note: A major cause for sharp rise is Federal Reserve Board's current policy

of not using its resources to support government paper. Policy could change.

► **INVENTORY LEVEL** hasn't changed much—but attitude toward it has.

Year ago businessmen worried about its high level.

It's dropped only .5 per cent from March high (to November 1)—but now businessmen wonder if it's high enough.

That's because total sales have increased 13 per cent in same period. And disposable income is up 2 per cent.

Projected into the coming year, these rises bring rosy business forecasts—and question as to whether current inventories are high enough for the expected business volume.

► **U. S. FARMER** becomes increasingly important in nation's over-all economic pattern—as a major customer for city-made goods.

That's result of scientific farming, including mechanization of operations, modernization of farm living.

This year farmers' gross cash receipts will exceed \$33,000,000,000.

That ain't hay—it's support under a large segment of the nonagricultural economy.

Let's look at some figures, see effect of current trends:

In 1935-39 period farmers spent an average of \$369,000,000 annually for automobiles, trucks, tractors.

In '51 they spent \$1,727,000,000 for the same items.

In chemicals increase was even greater—from \$217,000,000 to \$1,022,000,000 for fertilizers in the same periods.

Farm machinery and equipment purchases skyrocketed from \$322,000,000 to \$1,878,000,000.

Expenditures for buildings jumped from \$428,000,000 to \$2,725,000,000.

Gasoline, other vehicle operating expense took \$2,045,000,000 in '51. Compares with \$502,000,000 in earlier period.

Spending for seed rose from \$165,000,000 to \$646,000,000—reflecting growing use of hybrids.

Feed purchases increased from \$675,000,000 to \$4,142,000,000.

Payroll costs jumped from \$917,000,000 to \$2,918,000,000.

Now let's look at the rise in physical units after allowing for the cheaper

dollars that came between the two periods:

Against scale of 100 for the earlier period, motor vehicle purchases jumped to 218.

Farm machinery, 299; buildings, 248; motor vehicle supplies, 271; feed, 271; fertilizer, 312; seed, 193; labor, 82.

Only drop unit-wise was in labor—but cost of it more than tripled. Which points toward continuation of farm mechanization.

► **END OF EXCESS** profits tax would not necessarily mean higher dividends.

Since debt may be used in establishing excess profits tax base, many companies have been financing by borrowing—thus expanding their tax base.

To these firms end of the tax would provide reason to reduce debt, rather than increase dividends.

► **YOU CAN TELL** how good your local department store operators are as merchants—or guessers—by reading the newspaper ads this month.

You'll see splashing big ads offering bargains in white goods, furniture, household goods, winter clothing.

These are annual volume-building sales. Goods are bought for them. But if the ads go beyond such items it means store overbought for Christmas trade.

► **MORE THAN 20** years of continuously rising business volume has covered up a lot of inefficiency.

That's a department store executive's view of his own business.

"We kid ourselves that higher volume will take care of everything," he says. "What it's actually done is let us get away with lagging about 20 years behind the times.

"That's why we've let costs go up to where they cut into profits."

So he seeks to recapture profits out of cost. How? It always comes back to the same answer: Payroll.

Here's how stores try to cut that—

Open shelf displays, replacing the old counter-clerk-shelf or case plan. Gets the salesperson out beside the customer, takes fewer of them.

Take loss on shortages where cost of finding them, correcting, is greater than the loss.

Toss out to-the-last-penny accounting

in daily and inventory reports, round off the figures.

Request manufacturers to pre-ticket, pre-package, so goods can go through store with minimum handling.

Note: There's spread of central salvage systems gathering incoming packaging materials for outgoing use.

► **HOW HIGH ARE U. S. tariffs?**

Lowest they've been for years. In 1931 U. S. collected 53.2 per cent of the import value on dutiable goods.

Add the items imported free of duty and the collection was 17.8 per cent of total import values.

By last year the figures had dropped to 12.5 per cent of dutiable goods, and 5.6 per cent of the total imports.

► **KEEP AN EYE** on stock market volume.

Last year was low volume—trading averaged about 6,000,000 shares weekly. That indicates experienced traders dominated the market.

Right after election volume jumped to 10,000,000 shares in a week. If there's continued substantial rise in volume it may indicate build-up of speculative boom—and bust.

► **BRIEFS:** Steam plant equipment manufacturers see continuing large market for their line—because 40 per cent of all U. S. heat and power generating plants are 20 years old, or older. . . . New Bank-Share Owners' Advisory League estimates undiscovered losses from embezzlement at from \$10,000,000 to \$25,000,000. . . . Despite big addition at Christmas, U. S. still has only one bicycle for each 7.5 persons. It's one to 4.2 in Britain, one to 2.5 in Holland. . . . Why are we interested in Venezuelan politics? For one thing, that country supplies 60 per cent of all crude oil imported by the U. S. . . . Commerce Department finds world consumption of natural rubber dropping while production of manmade rubber rises. . . . Dr. E. W. Engstrom, Radio Corporation of America vice president, estimates 50,000,000 television receivers in use in the U. S. within next five years. Current total: 20,000,000. . . . Personal income in this country has more than tripled in the past 12 years—and personal federal taxes have been multiplied by 21.

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BY MY WAY

600 mph is fast enough

AN AVIATION authority says, with some signs of regret, that it may be another 12 to 20 years before commercial jet planes will get beyond a speed of 500 to 600 miles an hour. I don't know what the trouble is and I don't regard the situation as scandalous. At 600 miles an hour a person can cross the United States in about five hours, arriving in San Francisco or Los Angeles from New York two hours by local time after he starts. Speeds like this are about all some of us old-fashioned people can digest. Call us slow, call us horse-and-buggy travelers, ask us why we don't tie up our hair, if any, in pigtails, offer us canal boats—it doesn't matter; we stick to our old, easy-going, slow-poke ways. A mile every six seconds was good enough for our fathers and grandfathers—in fact, it was too good, the way they looked at it—and it's good enough for us.

Who wants an ivory throne?

A FRENCH expedition reports it has dug up an ivory throne occupied by the Phoenician kings of Ugarit more than 3,500 years ago. I suppose those kings in their day had a good time sitting on that throne, telling other people what to do and getting their names and pictures in what corresponded to the newspapers. No doubt they thought their places in history secure. Or they worried over the matter and then did things—like burning a city or chopping some heads off—to increase their fame. But no school child today knows their names or ever heard of Ugarit. What has survived is not the kings but a town just south of the old capital. The town's name is Latakia, which is also the name of an excellent smoking tobacco—but strong enough to be treated with caution by young men just learning the pipe. I wouldn't be surprised if a man sitting by his fire-side, on a chair not made of ivory,



smoking a mixture with some Latakia in it, were happier than the ancient monarchs who used the ivory throne.

The bird problem again

OUR feathered friends seem to be getting out of hand again. A barn owl moved into a room in a New York hotel, refused to pay and had to be evicted. A Cincinnati crow, a



tame one, got drunk on beer. A cockatoo intended for a zoo in Colombo, Ceylon, was taught to talk by a sailor; it uses such rough language that it cannot be exhibited in public. Sparrows in New York and other cities have taken to roosting on television aerials. The result is, I believe, a seeming deterioration in the quality of television shows. I don't say this is what the sparrows intend but I think that is what they do. I don't want to be misunderstood. I love birds, especially turkeys smoked or roasted or both. I love to listen to larks and such. But you have got to be on your guard. Birds will take advantage of people if they see a chance.

Pigeons have rights, too

BRITISH scientists at Cambridge University are trying to find out why some homing pigeons go straight home, whereas others take three times as long to cover the same distance. These inquisitive gentlemen have gone so far as to strap little cameras under the pigeons' wings. This sort of thing strikes me as unfair. I don't see why a pigeon isn't just as much entitled to a private life as a scientist is. How would a scientist like

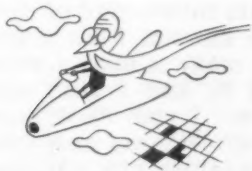
to have a pigeon strap a micro-camera under his (the scientist's) arm whenever he (the scientist) went out to have a bit of fun? He wouldn't like it at all—everybody knows that. I am among the first to raise my voice in protest when pigeons or other birds or animals do wrong, but I think they have rights just as we humans do; and if we all respect each other's rights this will be a better world.

Light-years and such

THEN there are the astronomers who are always talking in terms of light-years. A light-year, as I found out some time ago, is not a cheerful year or one that doesn't weigh much; it is the distance a ray of light, hustling along at 186,300 miles a second, can cover in a year. There is, for example, a thing called the Large Magellanic Cloud, which is 90 light-years away—and that is close, as stellar distances go. I get scared and lonesome when I read about such distances, because suppose I was out there and didn't like it. It's quite a comfort at such times to walk to the railway station, which is two and a quarter miles away and can be reached, at the rate I saunter, in about 40 minutes.

Defying the calendar

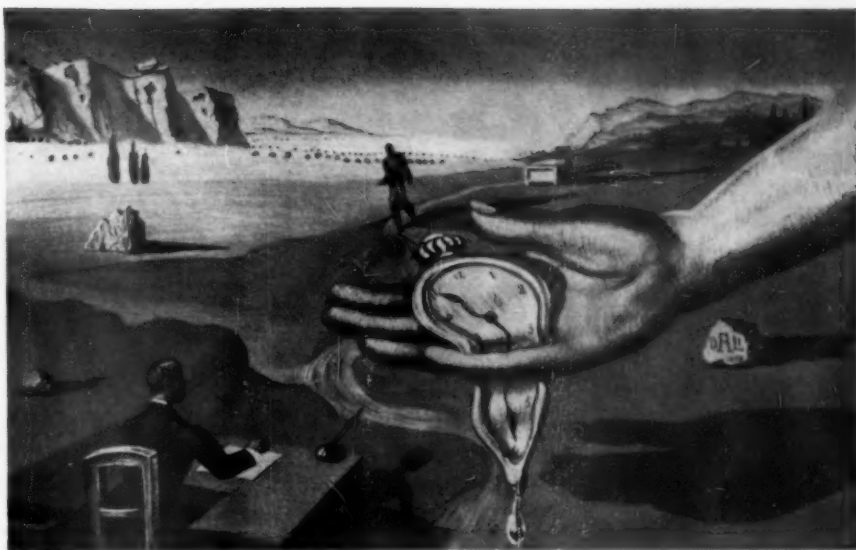
I DO not wish to fly an airplane at 90 but I am glad James Montee of Santa Monica, Calif., described as



the nation's oldest licensed pilot, celebrated his ninetieth birthday last fall by taking 25 of his relatives aloft. I like to see elderly men keeping up in their spirits and in other ways. It makes me feel that it isn't the calendar that counts, it's the way you handle it. I feel younger at whatever my age is because Mr. Montee is so young at 90.

It's fun to be fooled

UNITED STATES Patent Office Patent No. 2,614,838, so the paper said, tells how a magician makes a bird and bird cage appear and disappear. I am sorry I read the story, because in small things I love to be mystified. And if anybody tries to tell me how a magician saws a



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lady in two without hurting her or how he gets out of a box into which he has been placed tied hand and foot by three gentlemen from the audience, I just won't listen. In cases where neither money nor principle are involved it is fun to be fooled.

Prediction

I PREDICT a long, hard winter. I also predict that if I am mistaken, as I probably shall be, nobody will bother to look up the prediction and twit me about it. Finally, I predict that if I am right I'll take pains to see that everybody I can reach hears about it. If other prophets in the political, economic or weather line were equally frank I believe they would sign their names to this statement.

Re-reading Huck Finn

I'VE BEEN reading "Huckleberry Finn" again. I can't count the times I've read it, but it's still good, and as soon as I can forget it a little—I can practically repeat it from memory now—I'll read it again. Somebody the other day was quoting Huck's final remark: "There



ain't nothing more to write about, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I'd a knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't a tackled it, and I ain't agoing to no more." I wish Huck hadn't felt that way. It's my only real complaint against him, though there are some flaws in his character that I wouldn't wish modern boys to imitate. Trouble or no trouble, I wish he had written more books. I can think of a dozen in circulation right now that could have been spared to make room for more of Huck Finn. I make no protest against serious novels, books on the habits of various insects, problem books, books on how to do things, detective stories, solid biography, history and geography. But there can't be too many books that over the years just take our minds off our worries and sins, books that are just interesting. Too many, indeed! There are never enough.

The hot and cold of it

SINCE our return from Alaska I have met any number of persons

who are convinced it never gets above zero there. I have been reading a travel book about Algeria, with the thought, perhaps, of warming my hands. I could have sworn it never gets below 100, in the shade, in the day time, in Algeria. Now I learn that there is skiing, in season, within an hour's ride of Algiers. I think this goes to show something.

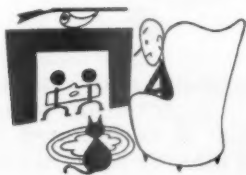
A rash experiment

PRACTICALLY everybody will be interested in the results of the plan recently announced by the Internal Revenue Bureau to teach high school boys and girls how to fill out income tax returns. It seems that one out of every four returns at the present time contains errors; and it is assumed that these young prodigies, after being indoctrinated, will go over the documents their parents have painfully produced and point those errors out.

All I have to say is that no child of mine is going to put on any such exhibition in my house. I'd rather make a mistake than have my own offspring sneering and jeering at my ineptitude. (The only catch here is that my children have long since graduated from high school, without taking any courses in higher mathematics; and that I long ago gave up any pretense of being able to understand an income tax return.)

Signs of the season

SIGNS of the season, as January begins: the year-end newspaper predictions, which are almost unanimously and unvaryingly optimistic—and why not; the egg-nog, which is good for the first few times but has a tendency; the jokes



about the morning-after headaches—you needn't have one if you're careful, and some persons are careful; taking down the holiday decorations—one does this with a sigh, but also with the feeling that a new era is beginning; the lengthening days and sometimes, but not always, the strengthening cold; the wood fire at night—by all material standards a wasteful way of heating a room, but by the spiritual and emotional yardsticks how excellent



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an investment! Cold draws people together. I wouldn't say that family life is less attractive in California than in Connecticut. Possibly other influences are at work. Still, January is a cozy month.

Anyhow, let's hope

I HOPE Inauguration Day will be mild and sunny, but I am not betting that it will. The chances for sunshine are probably a little better than they used to be when the day came in March. The chances for mildness are probably a little worse. I trust I shall not be accused of sedition or contempt of court or anything if I suggest that our forefathers were not too wise when they had the President take his office in March and that we ourselves were not too wise when we substituted January. If it could be managed I would have nominating conventions held in January; I would have the campaign run through the next two months, when exercise is good for people and the weather is often so cantankerous that an additional load of political cantankerousness will hardly be noticed; and I would have the inauguration take place on the first clear Monday after the cherry blossoms have appeared.

The weather, blow by blow

I HAVE the impression that winter storms, like weather in general, used to just happen. The Weather Bureau has been predicting a long time, but its predictions didn't get around the way they do now. Now, with the help of radio and tele-



vision, weather is not merely predicted; it is picked up wherever it originates; it is followed step by step and blow by blow; we are witnesses if a blizzard decides to go down the St. Lawrence Valley and then changes its mind and goes charging over New York and New England; we wait with bated breath (though what good that does I never could figure out) as one of those right-hook storms from the Southwest comes curling over the Appalachians and heading northeast; the air waves and television bands keep us informed. But radio and television don't shovel the snow away; that is their drawback.

OF NATION'S BUSINESS Trends



BY FELIX MORLEY

BY A COINCIDENCE as rare as it is unlikely, two great political pageants will be staged in the capital cities of the English-speaking peoples during the year now dawning. In London, on June 2, the new titular ruler of the British Empire and Commonwealth will be crowned with medieval pomp and ceremony. In Washington, on Jan. 20, the new President of the United States will assume office amid a demonstration that will be more democratic but not for that reason less spectacular and impressive.

The two inaugurals will be very different in symbolic values, but nevertheless have fundamental similarity. The crowning of a new monarch, without a change of government, emphasizes the continuity and stability of the British political system, as well as the common loyalty of the great self-governing dominions to the throne. That assurance of permanency will be the more pronounced at this coronation because a queen, for the first time in more than a century, will have the crown placed on her head, the scepter in her hand.

It also seems a century to many Republicans, but actually is only 20 years, since a presidential inauguration here marked a new administration as well as a new term of office. Of course that change, like the change from king to queen in Britain, gives added zest to the celebration for which Washington is now preparing. But pre-

THE STATE OF THE NATION

cisely because of the greater excitement it is well to remember that our inaugural also emphasizes stability and continuity, under legal rather than regal direction. President Eisenhower, like President Truman and all the others back to George Washington, takes office only after he has sworn loyalty to the Constitution of the United States. Our Government, using the word correctly, does not change with the administration of a different party, any more than the British Government changes with the coronation of a new monarch.

So, in their different ways, the Anglo-American nations, which lead the world in the difficult art of peaceful politics, prepare their ceremonial demonstrations, alike designed to emphasize that the state endures despite the shifting tides of life and circumstance.

• • •

We do not give the matter much thought, but on reflection it is clear to all that the state has only one major purpose. It is to provide a sense of certainty in human affairs that no mortal man, subject to ailment, accident and failings of many kinds, can ever hope to assure for himself, or even in ordinary cooperation with his fellows.

Government, which is the state in action, exists to make sure that social life will continue, regardless of what happens to the individual. Its institutions are designed to be perpetual, its offices and laws remain when officeholders and lawmakers pass on. Thus in the state, that powerful though intangible creation which government directs, we have a quasi-immortal organization

Trends

OF NATION'S BUSINESS

lished that we seldom consider how much these ingenious political devices have done to elevate humanity. But it would be difficult to disprove the assertion made three centuries ago by the English philosopher Thomas Hobbes, who said that "without a common power to keep all men in awe" the life of man is "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short."

The power of the state is measured by the power that men surrender to it. Usually the surrender is voluntary, for even high taxes are a small price to pay for the protection, the services and above all the sense of continuity that the state provides. There is, however, danger as well as benefit in the more than mortal character of the state.

Because its power is so enormous, the perquisites of rulership are great. Ambitious men have always been, and probably always will be, eager to seize control of the state and the authority it gives. Such would-be dictators doubtless mean to wield governmental power for the general welfare. But actually, as all now living have cause to know, the Lenins, Hitlers and Mussolinis soon come to regard their subjects as lightly as the pawns that the chess player sacrifices to advance his game.

Largely because our forebears came to this country to escape governmental tyranny, our state, which is a federal republic, contains unusual safeguards against the arbitrary assumption of authority by any man, or any organ of government. Indeed the American political philosophy maintains that men do not exist to serve government but that governments are instituted to serve men. Therefore, in the words of the Declaration of Independence, "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its power in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

The Russian Communists, nowadays, lay claim to the origination of many inventions, from typewriters to television. But one, and easily the greatest, of all American ideas they fear to imitate, much less adopt. That is the American concept of the state as an instrument to be controlled by the people, of government as the servant and not the master.

A presidential inauguration, therefore, is not, like a British coronation, symbolic only of the continuity of the state. It also dramatizes the constitutional right of the American people to

that largely compensates for man's mortality. The fact of government, and the existence of the state, are now so well estab-

change their Chief Executive, and with him the policies and character of the Administration. Behind that orderly transfer of authority, moreover, lies the asserted right "to alter or to abolish" the entire system of government, if it should ever cease to obtain "the consent of the governed." It is unlikely, with the secret ballot, with freedom of press, assembly and expression, that such a revolutionary outcome will again take place here. But the best assurance that the form of government will not change is found in the fact that the Administration does.

There is, consequently, an additional solemnity, and an additional interest, in an inauguration that marks a new administration, as well as a new presidential term. This is the first time since 1933 that we have had these overtones and before that they came infrequently. Jan. 20 will be only the eighth transfer of leadership, from one party to another, since Lincoln took office in 1861 and four of these eight occasions were concentrated in the 16 years from 1885 to 1901. So there is reason for everyone to regard the coming inauguration as an exceptional day.

The Founding Fathers, of course, never anticipated a presidential inauguration as a time when the Administration would pass from the hands of one political party to another. Idealistically, they hoped for a government without what they called "faction," meaning political parties. In retrospect, we can see that party organization, and the two-party system at that, was foreordained by the nature of our form of government. The establishment of a federal republic, with powers divided between the central government and those of the states, insured that there would be one centripetal and one centrifugal party. And the original parties—Federalist and anti-Federalist—adopted their names accordingly.

Several times the two great parties—the Centralizers and the States' Righters—have changed their names, and sometimes, as the Democrats under Roosevelt and Truman, have changed their position without changing names.

Today it is the Republicans, once the party of centralization, who oppose federal aggrandizement, supported in that position by the southern Democrats.

But the same elastic Constitution will continue to govern us, and the same White House, though happily renovated, will continue to reveal its classic beauty to the new officials who will be using it. Just before the election a gardener there was planting bulbs in a bed close by the fence on Pennsylvania Avenue. "Are they for Eisenhower or Stevenson?" inquired a passer-by.

"They're not for either," said Old Herbaceous. "They're for the people who own this property."



BY EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

WASHINGTON MOOD

ON MARCH 4, 1913, the cadets of West Point were lined up on Pennsylvania avenue in front of the White House. The inaugural parade had been halted while the new President, Woodrow Wilson, was inside having lunch. For an hour or more, the West Pointers had to stand there in the cold, stoically waiting for the command, "Forward, march."

If one had been of a speculative turn of mind that day, and had been thinking about future Presidents, probably the last place he would have thought to look was in that regiment of cadets. Not since 1877 had a professional soldier occupied the White House, and that one, Ulysses S. Grant, hadn't done so well.

The political pendulum can take giant swings in this country, however, and, as it turned out, there was a future President among those West Pointers of 1913—a husky young fellow named Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The President-elect was talking about it when he came here in November to confer with President Truman about the change-over of Administrations. He had a vivid memory of the scene and of the cold and the long wait (which Woodrow Wilson probably knew nothing about). Doubtless it will come back to Ike all over again when he travels the historic mile between the White House and the Capitol for his own inauguration.

Curiously, Washington seems to give more thought to Ike's military background now than it did while he was running for the Presidency. The question is asked: How will this famous man, who spent 40 years as a professional soldier, get along with the politicians? Also: What is going to happen to what he predicted in September would be "one great team," meaning himself and Sen. Robert A. Taft of Ohio?

All things considered, General Eisenhower got along well with the politicians of his party during the campaign.

In the four years ahead, however, he is going to be thrown into much more intimate association with them, as they travel to the White House on matters of legislation and patronage.

The situation has revived an old story, the one about the fellow who went to the riding academy

to hire a horse. "I think I ought to tell you," he said to the manager of the riding academy, "I have never ridden a horse before."

"Oh, that's all right," said the manager. "I've got a horse that's never been ridden before either. You can both go out together."

The story happens to be signally appropriate. Not only has Ike had no experience in dealing with Congress as President, but there are hardly any Republicans left on Capitol Hill who were there when Herbert Hoover was in the White House. There are none at all in the Senate, the last one having been the late Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan. Taft did not take his seat until 1939, when the New Deal was six years old.

• • •

The Gridiron Club, at its recent dinner, suggested to Ike in a gay skit that he had better get ready for a rough transition. A member taking the part of Herbert Hoover sang a parody of Irving Berlin's "This Is The Army, Mr. Jones," which went like this:

"This ain't the army, Mr. Ike!

You have been doing as you like,

You've had your own way in things before,

But you won't have it now, any more!"

The other verses went on to remind Ike that the politicians soon would be on the hike, heading for his White House door, and that he wouldn't be able to disperse them simply with a command or a bugle call.

Well, there is some truth in this satire, certainly, but it also overlooks something. Ike starts off with a powerful advantage, one that few new Presidents have had.

In the campaign, Ike often went out of his way to say that he was not a politician, or to say that he was a novice in politics. The people at the whistle stops, it was noted, invariably cheered such remarks.

Clearly, a lot of them liked Ike for the very reason that he was not a professional.

For some time to come, therefore, it won't be healthy for Republican politicians to tangle with Ike. They are well aware of this, and most of them can be expected to be respectful, cooperative and even submissive up to a point.

As for the "team" of Ike

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and Bob, few observers here would care to say how long it will endure. Taft is that rarity in Washington, a man who speaks his mind without worrying very much about how it will affect his political fortunes.

Most of Taft's colleagues felt that he made a mistake in blasting Ike's choice of a Secretary of Labor, Martin P. Durkin, a Democrat. They were relieved when Taft said later that he thought he would be able to work with the Eisenhower Administration. Just the same, they have their fingers crossed.

Ike almost certainly would like to get along with the Ohioan. He is a friendly man by nature, and takes pride in his ability to persuade and conciliate. In his long career as a soldier-statesman, he has had few quarrels—none that ever reached the headlines before he set out to win the Republican nomination.

However, it is worth noting—and politicians might profit by keeping in mind—that Eisenhower, in German, means "iron ax." For all of his affability, he can be hard. While he was supreme commander in Europe, one of his field generals said of him:

"Ike runs it and if you don't think so when you first arrive, you damn soon find out."

Having traveled with Ike in the campaign and watched his progress since, I am convinced that he is a much better politician than is generally realized. He has what some men who have spent a lifetime in politics do not have, and that is an "instinct" for the political trade. In the campaign he scored a good many bull's-eyes, as the Democrats readily acknowledged, and he made few mistakes—none that hurt him at the polls.

Nor is Ike any amateur when it comes to statecraft. No incoming President has known so many of the world's leaders, and few have known their way around Washington any better. He is familiar with budget-making, having worked at it as Chief of Staff of the Army. He has addressed Congress in joint session as a soldier, and will therefore be at home when he goes before it as a statesman. He has been in and out of the White House for ten years.

Words like "solemn," "grim" and "startled" were used to describe Ike's expression when he was leaving the White House on Nov. 18, after he had been briefed on the world situation by Mr. Truman, Secretary of State Acheson and others.

What did it mean? Had he been told something that upset him?

A man who sat in on the White House conference said that it was a mistake for newsmen to attach so much importance to a facial expression. He said that what Ike had learned at the confer-

ence was sobering, yes, but not alarming. Naturally much of the talk was devoted to Korea, and to the difficulties surrounding every alternative to what we are now doing there.

The President-elect's trip to Korea has brought vast relief to Embassy Row here, and especially to the ambassadors of those countries allied with us in the Atlantic Pact. These diplomats had been disturbed by the talk that Ike might step up the Korean war and perhaps extend it to the Chinese mainland. His statement that he had "no panaceas, no tricks" for settling the war was therefore a welcome one; ever more welcome was his remark about the difficulty of working out a plan that would bring victory "without possibly running grave risk of enlarging the war."

A big war in Asia, which might spread beyond Asia, is something that has the quality of a nightmare for the British and the French.

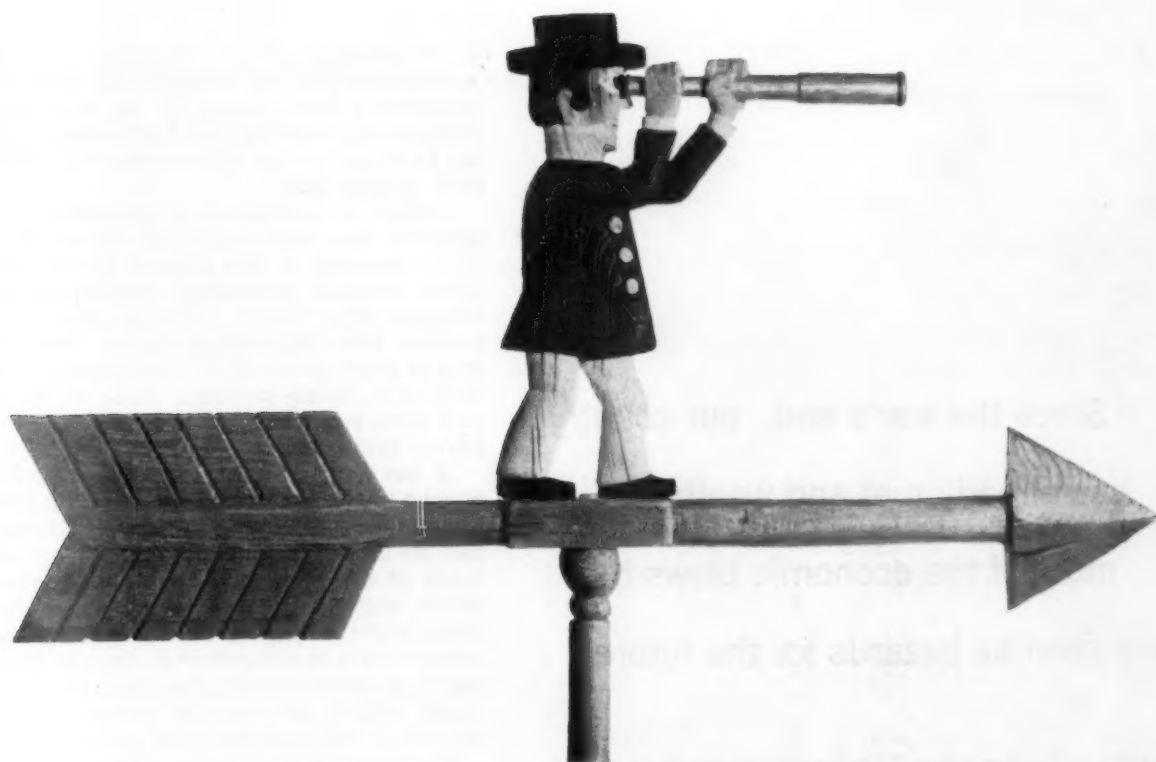
One of General Eisenhower's problems, assuming that there is no early end to the war in Korea, will be to reason with those who say they voted for him because they thought he could "stop the fighting." It may be a difficult problem because, as the *London Economist* said recently, Korea is "something peculiarly irritating to the United States, a country used to getting things finished in a hurry."

Korea is, of course, part of a world-wide struggle. The great objective of the United Nations there is to head off World War III; to do it, not through a conventional military victory, but by showing the Communist aggressors that they can't get away with it—that they can't pick up any more real estate cheap. The reasoning is that if a similar effort had been made to deter Hitler, we might not have had to go through the agony of World War II.

That at any rate is how Mr. Truman has tried to present the matter to his countrymen. He knows now that a majority of them appear to think that he was wrong about Korea. Nevertheless, he is convinced that in the long run history will vindicate him.

The Chief Executive, all packed and ready to join Mr. Hoover in the "Ex Presidents Club," is relaxed and good-natured these days when he talks to the reporters. If he has any regret at leaving, he doesn't show it. He says he is looking ahead to the time when he will wake up and not have to do anything all day long.

For a man of 67, who has been working 17 hours a day, the Missourian appears to be in excellent shape. His color is good, his voice resonant, and his laughter hearty. It would surprise nobody here if he makes good on his prediction that he will live to be 100.



IN 1953 THE OPPORTUNITY IS MAGNIFICENT

By **JOHN D. CLARK**

Vice Chairman, Council of Economic Advisers

APPREHENSIVE warnings that, despite a current high level of business activity, a downward turn in the economy is coming "six months from now" have been the steady theme in business forecasts ever since 1946. These pessimistic views are sometimes rationalized by forecasts of specific reversals of some of the forces working in particular sectors of the economy; but even in such cases they seem to be based primarily on gloomy forebodings that "things are too good to last."

Such warnings disclose a strange lack of faith in the essential vitality of a free economy among those who elsewhere have only words of praise for the American system.

Assurances that the suggested business recession will not spiral into deep depression because the Government will surely intervene sharpen the anomaly. The implication is that the Government can successfully bolster an economy which is itself unable for the time being to maintain prosperity for the people—and that this government intervention will be most welcome.

This is the principle declared by the Employment Act of 1946, and although affirmed by General Eisenhower in the closing days of the campaign, it is often criticized as an example of that economic planning which is anathema to the true free enterpriser.

We always have the makings of prosperity. The phrases about "prosperity being around

the corner"—which exacerbated the hair shirt woven for Mr. Hoover by the Great Depression—as well as the trite assertions about the "soundness of basic conditions" which always appear in the early stages of a serious recession, originate in a valid faith that the wants of consumers are great enough to spark a fully employed economy, which is the standard of prosperity. Apprehensions that prosperity will not continue are evidences of fear that the economic machine is not efficient enough to exploit the resources which it must manage.

The elasticity which our economic machine has repeatedly shown in making the adjustments necessary to maintain prosperity since the war merits greater confidence in its efficiency. It has absorbed blows much heavier than any in sight in 1953.

In 1945-46 it did not even hesitate in its forward march when government defense expenditures were declining far more rapidly than they will fall after the present defense program passes its peak. In 1947, when the special circumstances which had sustained production and employment in 1945-46 had largely disappeared, a rapid drop in the export surplus had no depressing effect. It was countered by expansion in other sectors of the economy. More than once, grain prices have broken but the economy has not been staggered.

Our economic system has demonstrated its



Since the war's end, our country
has already met and weathered
most of the economic blows that
are seen as hazards for the future

vitality so many times in unexpected ways that the optimist will not be silenced by the demand that he vindicate his optimism by pointing out in advance what new forces in the economy will counter some prospective weakening at other places.

The economic machine would indeed be full of creaks and broken connections if it were to misfire on the economic fuel which will be fed into it in 1953. As the nation enters the new year, domestic economic conditions spell continued prosperity, and no changes are in prospect (always assuming that the international situation will not worsen) which would seriously threaten that prosperity in the course of the coming 12 months. The change in the national Administration may bring changes in economic policies which have been important in building stability—but the effect of any likely action will largely be postponed beyond 1953.

Let us look at conditions as 1952 ends and a new year begins. Unemployment has fallen below 1,300,000—far below the level marking a situation of reasonably satisfactory “full employment.” Industrial production has fully recovered from the hesitation which began in the spring of 1951 and new postwar records have been made recently. Prices have been remarkably steady for many months, with a slight downward movement in wholesale prices and a slight upward trend in retail prices entering the consumers' price index.

Orders booked by manufacturers are heavy, without leading to an increase in retail inventories, as retail sales resume their growth in step with a steady increase in consumers' income. Business profits, despite heavy rates of taxation, have been good, and dividend rates have been maintained. Business investment in new plant and equipment and in housing construction shows no sign of contracting. Credit is ample and cheap.

This is a description of full production and employment, without inflation; of intense business activity, without speculation. It is prosperity, based primarily upon consumer demand supported by enormous consumer buying power, with a prospect of a steady upward climb in consumers' income throughout 1953.

If continued prosperity is not realized, it will not

be on account of any economic change which can now be seen in the making. All previous periods of prosperity have come to an end, often without recognized warning, but not under conditions similar to those which will control the American economy during 1953.

To the vast demand of consumers for goods and services has been added an extraordinary government demand at the rate of \$40,000,000,000 a year above normal peacetime requirements. Whatever changes may occur, defense expenditures in the coming year will still be large. They will be added to a market demand of a population fully employed and with rising income. This, of itself, should be sufficient support for prosperity in an efficient economic system.

If the course of high business activity is interrupted in 1953, it will have to be by forces too imposing to be described as mere maladjustments. They can be international disorder, or an economic collapse of other nations, or another wave of speculative buying in the United States followed by a speculative collapse, but they can hardly be the minor shifts in consumer saving, in business investment, in government spending, or in international trade, which are usually paraded in forecasts of recession “six months from now.”

The specific change to which those who anticipate a recession most often direct attention is the reversal of the trend of defense expenditures. These were scheduled to rise to a peak in about midyear, 1953, level off for perhaps a year, and then decline. In the absence of a greater change in national policies than is expected, any positive drop in defense expenditures will come later than the second half of 1953. It is argued, however, that the mere cessation of the rising course will itself eliminate an inflationary force which has been active in holding the economy at a high level of production and employment.

While the argument over this theory has been under way, the economy has been quietly developing its own answer. Disregarding all schedules, defense expenditures halted in their rise last spring. Expenditures for the six major security programs—Army, Air Force, Navy, atomic energy, foreign economic aid, and foreign military assistance—were \$4,300,000,000 in April, 1952. In the seven months, May-November, they averaged \$4,200,000,000 per month, with a high figure of \$4,400,000,000 in July.

We have experienced the very situation which we will meet in the second half of 1953 if defense expenditures level off after a possible increase in the next six months. It has brought no decline in business activity. On the contrary, the period in which defense expenditures have been steady has been the very period in which the economy shook off the lethargy which had beset it during a year of rising expenditure, and in which it began to move upward again in orthodox response to expanding consumers' income.

The second possible economic change listed by those who are fearful about the second half of 1953 is a decline in business investment for new plant and equipment and for housing construction. Business investment, a very important factor in a business boom, has continued high, and that part of it which is incident to the expansion of defense-related production will very probably contract in the course of the year. Many believe that the remaining and larger part—that which is related to the production of goods for the civilian economy and to the building of (Continued on page 64)



GOLD in them Jeans By BETTY BETZ

FOR a long time retailers, who customarily allow promotion budgets for the Hopalong Cassidy moppets and the brisk seasonal trade from the college crowd, have been heard to make such sour comments as:

"Teen-age promotions are too costly. . . ." "High school kids haven't any money. . . ." "It's a dying market not worth bothering with. . . ."

There was the president of one department store who declared that "the high school monsters are lead balloons." The volume in his teen department had taken such a nose dive that he had eliminated it all together. He took the view that the bobby-sox trade would patronize either the "Pigtail Shop" or the Junior Miss De-

partment. Yet there are some teen-age boys who would sooner drop dead than go near a junior section.

Still the 17,000,000 boys and girls who make up the group between 13 and 17 have gold in their bluejeans—a market that barely has been tapped, according to the Gilbert Youth Research Company which reveals that these "bankrupt in-betweens" have an annual national spending power close to \$9,000,000,000! Besides a teen-ager's many personal needs, this staggering figure includes products used by his or her family as well—a new angle in youth merchandising "worth considering," says Mr. Gilbert, who adds:

"Our survey shows that the average



teen-ager spends around \$6 or \$7 per week on movies, snacks and gadgets.

"Another \$300 or \$400 a year goes for clothing which is usually bought by parents. But, even more important, the teen-ager tells Pop how to spend *his* money. High school kids can heckle their parents into buying a certain type of furniture, television set, food products, and even the family automobile."

Bankrupt indeed! If retailers wonder why teen-agers always seem to be broke, the likely reason is that they spend folding money as fast as allowances and part-time job cash is shelled out. Let's listen to a 15-year-old girl from Ithaca, N. Y., who earns 75 cents an hour baby sitting.

"It's all gravy!" she boasts. "My older sister who lives away from home makes \$40 a week, but she

has to support herself and pay taxes, too!"

With no overhead, this enterprising youngster is financially able to buy more dresses, cosmetics, costume jewelry and doo-dads than her older sister. Actually the high school boy or girl with an allowance plus part-time work is a more promising customer than the career-minded youth living on his or her first paycheck.

But what's the formula for getting the high school crowd to patronize a store? Mr. Isaac Clothier III of Strawbridge & Clothier in Philadelphia claims they do a better teen trade in their suburban Jenkintown branch than in their downtown store.

"Kids like the country store atmosphere," he explained. "And then we have a completely new type of program which we believe is more effective than a few costly

fashion shows every year." Mr. Clothier gives credit to Mrs. Barbara Cluett for keeping so many youth projects rolling that the store auditorium is seldom empty.

"We work closely with the board of education," said Mrs. Cluett, whose favorite project is "Dramatic Night," featuring one-act plays written and produced by local high school kids. Awards are given on "opening night," which is attended by parents and friends. The "Sub-Deb Modeling Club" has 50 members and three groups a year at which professional models give advice on posture, and grooming.

The "Halloween Window Painting Contest" not only keeps the pranksters too busy to soap up windows in the community, but brings spectators from miles around for the final judging. Each local school is responsible for a

Teen-agers have an estimated \$9,000,000,000 yearly to spend, but the merchant who gets his goods into the hands of the younger set must know psychology as well as salesmanship



"window mural." An annual dress-making contest features prizes for the most attractive clothes made by girls in their home economics classes.

Square dances and marionette shows, too, are sponsored by Strawbridge & Clothier.

Recently a local radio station donated time and advice for a weekly show written, directed and produced by teen-agers who sign up with Mrs. Cluett. These kids in turn see to it that a different school is featured every Saturday. The half-hour may be filled according to the talent available. Such programs, of course, require cooperation by the local educational authorities and, asserts Mrs. Cluett, "some of them are difficult, but in Jenkintown they appreciate the opportunity given to the young people."

As for store volume, she says, "Well, we don't figure good will as a matter of dollars and cents, but we've certainly been applauded in the newspapers for our fine civic work. These teen-agers are good customers now, but even more important, I think they'll be loyal to Strawbridge & Clothier when they have children of their own!"

Betty Green, fashion director for the Independent Retailers Syndicate (formerly known as Nancy Pepper to her millions of teen-age fans) has launched a drive to re-establish teen trade by creating a more appealing and less expensive type of promotion which brings the young customers into the stores consistently.

"When the girls weren't buying in the Teen Shop, which sounds a bit adolescent, we renamed it the 'High Heaven Shop' and gave high school girls a participating program which has worked in more than 40 of our stores," Mrs. Green said.

Another idea of hers, a "Teen Queen" contest, sustains interest over several months.

A date is picked for the final judging and the contest started several months in advance. An opening newspaper ad is used to

announce that contestants should visit the store to pick up their registration blanks. After the questionnaires (height, weight, hobbies, etc.) have been filled, they are returned to the store with an 8 x 10 photograph of the participant. A Saturday morning ad is then used to announce the weekly winners for eight consecutive weeks and at a big fashion show the final winner is crowned Teen Queen. The prize may be a free wardrobe or perhaps even an all-expense trip to New York. The weekly winners get free dresses.

"Besides bringing the girls into the teen department at least four times, the Teen Queen contest builds an excellent mailing list which may be used to organize a teen club," Mrs. Green declared. "At the M. L. Parker store in Davenport, Iowa, we had more than 900 entries and every one of the girls admitted she has become more aware of her clothes and personal appearance as a result of the contest," Mrs. Green added.

Brill's, a small chain of ready-to-

wear shops in Milwaukee, Wis., ran a Back-to-School Kickoff party one Friday evening which drew more than 2,000 boys and girls. Several "big wheels" from each of the local high schools passed out tickets to their friends and talked it up. Posters displayed in Brill's stores and several small newspaper ads helped to create interest.

A high school band played at the local hotel ballroom while couples danced and the highlight of the party was a fashion show during the intermission which featured local models.

Teen-agers admit they feel more at home in a convenient neighborhood shop where they needn't "dress up." The small CAG (Calling All Girls) Shop in Honolulu has become the friendly hangout for high school girls who drop in regularly for free soft drinks. A phonograph, a stack of popular records and a supply of magazines keeps them occupied when they're not trying on clothes.

"We never feel as if we have to buy anything at the CAG Shop," a

(Continued on page 58)



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The man with
a good secretary may
not know how
well off he is. Get a
load of what some gals
say about their guys



So you think you're

DEAR BOSS:

Every year, we gals put on what we like to call National Secretaries Week, during which time you bosses honor the girl behind the man behind America's business. This year let's do something more about it than just talk. Do you recall what I was doing last year on Day 1 of National Secretaries Week? Well, you honored me by permitting me to baby sit with your children all day—so that you and Mrs. Boss could spend the day at your country club party.

I am, of course, your secretary. But to any passing stranger—and several passed, at a dead run—I looked exactly like a baby sitter. Not a paid one, natch; you couldn't get one that Sunday, so you called on Good Old Me. Now, between bandaging your son Mike's thumb after he skidded down the driveway on it, and changing little Annie's lingerie, I sat brooding about this magnificent National Secretaries Week. (National Sat-Upons Week is more like it!) Some of the ideas that blew like an ill wind through my head are hereby set forth for your attention.

So you think you're a wonderful guy to work for, huh? Well, listen!

In the first place, let me tell you your biggest fault as a boss—according to a nationwide survey taken of America's two big secretarial associations. (Woman bites dog!) In case you didn't know, there are 12,000 members of the National Secretaries Association, and there are 87 Seraphic Secretaries of America—the topflight executive secretaries to such 87 business supermen as Charles E. Wilson, Tom Dewey, C. R. Smith and Westbrook Pegler. When questioned as to what was their greatest difficulty with bosses, all 12,087 secretaries screamed in chorus:

"He does not notify me of his plans!"

Ah, dear boss, how true! How you enjoy making

a golf date that will keep you away from the office all Friday afternoon—and then slyly keeping it a secret from me until 1 p.m. Friday when you race for the door. Does it make any difference to you that I've booked you solid with appointments—which I must now, with the wiliness of Mata Hari, get you out of? Does it further make any difference to you that, when you generously call over your shoulder "Why not take the afternoon off yourself?" I'd have appreciated a few minutes notice so that I could make some plans in advance? For instance, it would have been pleasanter to see my dentist at three Friday afternoon instead of eight Monday morning before work—but of course it's too late now to make any changes. Goodhearted old you—you don't care!

Furthermore, if you had seen fit to notify me about your plans as to working late all those evenings last year, I might still have Mr. Tall, Dark & Luscious as a loving escort. Not you, though! Eight different times when I had a six o'clock cocktail date with Mr. T., D. and L., you waited until 5:30 and then bleated, "Say, could you stay a little late tonight? I just remembered some urgent correspondence we ought to get out." Sometimes I was able to head off my swain before he'd started for our meeting place—but three times he just sat there waiting. The third time he ran into a friendly blonde, and you can guess what happened. . . . While I was straining to catch your muttered dictation, that blonde was getting friendlier by the moment. To make a brief story briefer, she is now Mrs. Tall, Dark & Et Cetera. Lucky me—I am still your secretary!

But little items like My Future Mate mean nothing to you at all—although Heaven knows there's a dearth of husband material around this office and, for that matter, around any office. Further, the longer a girl remains a secretary the worse the problem becomes. You don't think so? Well, take those 87 top executive secretaries, the famous Seraphics. The average Seraphic is 42 years old; she



a wonderful boss?

By ELEANOR HARRIS

has worked 15½ years for the same big shot. Sixty-five per cent of the Seraphics are single—and, just to prove how phony all those she-married-the-boss movies are, only one out of 87 married the boss!

But back to the problem of your keeping your plans to yourself. My lunchtime appetite means as little to you as my dreams of a rose-covered cottage. My meals are your whim—when you're hungry, I eat. Does it matter if I've had a long-standing luncheon date at 12:30 with my Aunt Mamie, in town for one day only? Not at all—let her wait and wait and wait! Not to mention letting Aunt Mamie's niece wait—who is, as you know, Yours Very Truly.

When it comes to your regrettable habits in the office, boss-o, I hardly know where to begin. Let's start by celebrating my fortunate gift of clairvoyance—the way you dictate a letter, if I were not clairvoyant it would never reach paper. To you, the signal for a really sharp session at dictating is to seize paper clip, insert in mouth, and filter words through same—all of which has my good ear bent at a 45 degree angle to catch the few words that squeeze through the tin barrier. Also, part of your training as a boss seems to have been the rule: "When dictating, always stud all sentences with the sound 'uh,' closely followed by the sound 'er,' immediately followed by the request, 'Could you—uh—read back that—er—last sentence?'" Ugh!

Another of your office habits that could stand revision is your slavish love of procrastination. (In that nationwide survey of 12,087 secretaries I mentioned earlier, procrastination occupied No. 2 place in the Secretarial Gripe File. . . . "Not notifying of plans" being No. 1.) How you enjoy spending the morning trading jokes with your pals on the telephone—and the late afternoon dictating those letters you could have done in the morning! How often those fatal words "Let's put this aside for now" ring in my ears—and then, days later, 'tis I who must work through my lunch hour to get a contract out on a split-second deadline.

Yet another little office foible of yours that drives

me loony is that trick you have of breezing into the office of a morning, calling for your mail—and then cleaning your fingernails with your pen knife for the next 15 minutes. Can't you beautify yourself in privacy in your bathroom at home? Or, if you like an audience, why not entertain the other commuters on the train coming in to town? You have often snarled at me that the office is no place to comb my hair; let me snarl back that it is no place for you to manicure your nails!

While we're studying your blind spots, boss, let us not overlook your favorite subject of conversation—today's money and the lack thereof. Which leads me directly to what I fondly call my income. So I'm well paid, eh—at \$55 a week (the average secretarial salary in the U. S.)? Do you realize that's only \$10 a week more than the usual New York cook gets? And *she* has the further benefits of eating in, living in (worth another \$50 the way you live and eat), plus an armful of your wife's best dresses every few months! When you're on your winter and summer vacations, she has nothing to do but wear those dresses out on the town—while I, holding down the office fort, become a human conveyor belt sending off bulletins to Florida every hour on the hour. Moreover, your wife worries lest your cook quit—which is a lot more than she (or you) does about me!

But what really gets my hackles up are those Extra Chores you dream up for me to do. Remember, you hired me originally to take dictation, file, type, and answer the telephone—remember, boss? Why is it, then, that I'm treated like a combination Maid, Librarian, Governess, and Wife instead of a secretary? (When one secretarial friend of mine left her job to get married, she said, "At last I'm going to become a real housewife." Get that choice of words!)

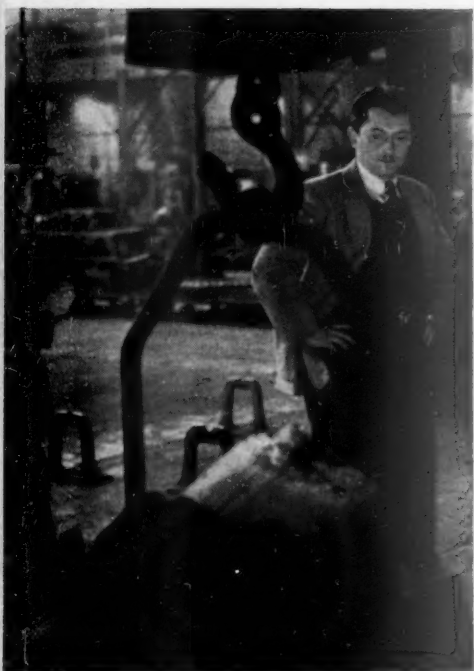
Why do I get the yawn-making job of reading that new financial book you ought to read (it takes me two whole evenings to do it), and then the task of writing you a one-page

(Continued on page 84)

*The salvation of modern capitalism on the
Continent may well hinge on the American
ideas and techniques being adopted by*

Europe's new type of businessman

By PAUL E. DEUTSCHMAN



Mr. Berlan court returned
from six weeks in America

THINGS started popping—and it wasn't just champagne corks—the day Jacques Berlan court, 24, returned to his home town of Beaucourt, in eastern France, after a six-week trip.

Mr. Berlan court was manager of the 60-man Japy Freres iron foundry there. This is a fine old company, but at the time (September, 1949) it was losing 2,000,000 francs a month, roughly \$5,700.

Halfway through the factory gate, he was already grabbing wheelbarrows and spades out of men's hands—and pointing with enthusiastic Gallic gestures where the conveyer belts, overhead sand bins and monorail system for pouring the molten iron would go. "This is the way they do it over there!" he kept exclaiming.

"There" meant America. Mr. Berlan court had just returned from a government-sponsored technical assistance team tour of U. S. foundries.

Plenty of things about the European economy can still make a sad American taxpayer sadder. But a new type of businessman, like Mr. Berlan court, has been cropping up all over the place lately. These men have one thing in common—they've learned to "think American."

They have taken strictly European problems and attacked them in a way you'd normally expect

could happen only in the U.S.A. And, they may well prove to be the salvation of their sorely tried old continent.

In a matter of weeks, Mr. Berlan court—using pointers picked up while in the United States—had thrown out most of the old, back-breaking, hand-labor methods, increased Japy's production 30.8 per cent and tipped the ledger back into the black to the tune of 1,000,000 francs per month, or \$2,850. The Communist-run CGT union howled "speed-up" and "slave driver"—but he introduced a piece-rate pay system instead of the old flat-salary setup; also a productivity bonus based on output of castings per hour. Soon there were more men on the payroll, the average worker was earning almost \$100 a month (a good 25 per cent higher than before and almost twice the CGT minimum demand). The Communists kept on howling, of course. But, quietly, an estimated 60 per cent of the Japy membership dropped out of CGT and joined *Force Ouvriere* and CFTC, the free trade unions.

Mr. Berlan court isn't important just because he added some 8,750 francs a month each to the paychecks of 75 or 80 workers in a small town along the banks of the Savoureuse River, but because he made customers out of them for several thousand francs' worth of



PHOTOS BY M.S.A.—KRYN TACONIS

"This is the way they do it over there" exclaimed the manager of the Japy Freres foundry. He was scarcely back in the plant before he was pointing with enthusiastic Gallic gestures where new equipment would go. "There" meant the U. S.

goods they couldn't afford to buy before. This, in essence, is the new — the American — concept that Europe is just beginning to grasp.

In the old days Europe had, in general, an economy of extravagance. It was based on combining cheap raw materials from overseas colonies with cheap labor at home to make luxury items for export — or else, to be sold to a handful of rich Europeans. She paid low wages and cared nothing for her own workmen — because she didn't expect them to be customers anyhow.

Then came the war. The economy was wrecked, colonies melted away, many old customers became cut off by their new commissars or because they were just plain broke; moreover, the average John Q. in Western Europe was becoming restive about the way of living being dished out to him.

In this unprecedented situation, some sharp-minded businessmen, taking their lead largely from us, realized that their chief customers from now on might be found among the men in their own streets, even in their own factories.

In Italy, for example, one of these new American-style businessmen named Enrico Piaggio set off a transportation revolution by applying liberal doses of Latin ingenuity to an American idea. In 1945, Mr. Piaggio, then 40 and with a war-ruined airplane engine fac-

tory on his hands, was struck by the peculiar adaptability of the U. S. Army's motor scooter to the Italian locale and pocketbook. That's how the Vespa (Wasp), a 65-inch long, 185-pound, 4½-horsepower scooter, was born.

Italians needed transportation badly. Even today, the average Italian income is but \$50 a month, while the lowest-priced car, the 4-H.P. Fiat Topolino (Little Mouse), sells for around \$1,280 — or 25 month's income.

But Mr. Piaggio borrowed \$1,080,000 from the Marshall Plan and the Export-Import Bank, rebuilt and retooled his Genoa plant and began putting out Vespas at roughly five months' average income — nearer to what the Italians could afford.

Soon, another company, Innocenti of Milan, started making the Lambretta scooter, at a slightly lower price. Then, Mr. Piaggio had another idea. He set up a system of voluntary payroll deductions (with managerial assists) for the men in his plant who wanted to buy their own Vespas. In a short time, about 2,100 of his 3,500 employees had become motorized. Thus, as an enterprising businessman, he had gained in two directions: 1, by creating new jobs where they didn't exist before, and 2, by finding new customers for his product among the men on these jobs.

Other industrialists saw the

value of this scooter-financing plan as powerful ammunition in the crucial battle with Communism for men's minds. They began helping their own workers buy scooters. Thus the Italian worker would come into a small stake of private property that would make him want to produce more to earn more — in order to buy more of the good things of life for his family and himself.

Today, as a result of Mr. Piaggio's lead, Italy is a country gone scooter-mad. Scooter clubs have sprung up everywhere — and with both companies hacking away at prices, there are now 500,000 Vespas and Lambrettas buzzing about ancient Roman landmarks, already outnumbering Italy's automobiles. In 1953, between the two companies, another 300,000 scooters are expected to be turned out, grossing another \$75,000,000. And, Mr. Piaggio already has signed a contract with Sears, Roebuck & Company to deliver 6,000 Vespas to the U. S. by next December.

In Denmark, a 34-year-old engineer with the appropriate name of H. C. (for Hans Christian) Andersen has chalked up a success story of almost fairy tale proportions, manufacturing nylon hosiery for European women.

Every woman in Europe, of course, needs and wants nylons. But the American product was

Europe's new type of businessman

continued

virtually unobtainable, since few countries could afford to shell out hard-to-come-by dollars to import such seeming fripperies. Thus, only the rich (or the fortunate, who perhaps had American friends) wore nylons, while the average woman usually went barelegged. That's when Mr. Andersen, without capital, decided to go after these soft-currency markets.

In 1946, he dispatched his younger brother, Eric (then 28) to Reading, Pa., to work in the Berkshire Knitting Mills. He himself found an engineer's job at a Copenhagen mill. While there he invented a small gadget that attached onto a knitting machine to prevent looping and to knit the heel directly onto the hose.

From royalties on this patent he scraped together enough money to buy an old villa outside Copenhagen. He still needed nylon yarn—obtainable, at the time, only in the U. S. He began buying up and exporting to America hundreds of antique Danish porcelain plaques to earn the necessary dollars.

FINALLY, in 1948, he sent for his brother—and with three workers, four small machines and the aforementioned yarn, they set up shop under the impressive-sounding title: "Scandinavian-American Nylon Hosiery Company." Production that first year amounted to 8,000 pairs of hose.

Today, using yarn being made in England, Holland and Germany, Mr. Andersen has spark-plugged Scandinavian-American up to a whopping 2,000,000 pairs a year—largely because he sells nylons in dollar-scarce countries (more than 95 per cent of his production goes into export) at the equivalent of \$8 to \$9 a dozen, wholesale. Last year, he grossed 15,000,000 kroner (almost \$2,500,000). He now employs 300 people and has a block of modern, air-conditioned buildings representing a \$1,000,000 investment, including almost \$650,000 spent on U. S. equipment.

In Holland, a start is being made to meet another need of European women—for cheap, good-looking dresses. Paris, of course (and, now also Rome and Madrid) is famous

for fine, high-priced, high *couture* dresses. But no one thought much about making fine, ready-made clothes because practically nobody bought them but peasants. And, who cared how a peasant woman looked? Including the peasant woman.

Perhaps, more than anywhere else in Europe, the Dutch *huisvrouw* and *secretaresse* were accustomed to buying dresses off-the-rack. But through no fault of their own they had to pay out hard-earned guilder for unnecessary alterations. Every manufacturer had his own private sizing system. No two systems were alike. Results were confusion and extra expense, both for buyer and seller.

Dreaded word in Dutch retail dress circles was *pompkosten*—extra costs due to unnecessary alterations. At De Bijenkorf (The Beehive), Holland's largest department store, with fully one fourth of all ready-made dresses having to be altered at an average cost per customer of 12 guilders (\$3.25) on every 40-guilder (\$10.75) dress, *pompkosten* meant maintaining a 20-woman alteration staff (at \$26,500 per year) and added eight per cent to the price of every dress sold there, whether altered or not.

Then, four years ago, Dr. G. Van Der Wal, Bijenkorf's silver-thatched, square-rigged, managing director, undertook to standardize dress sizes for the country. He set up measuring squads in each of the three branches (Amsterdam, The Hague and Rotterdam); and thousands of women underwent a scientific barrage of measurements.

In 1951, the vital statistics of 5,001 women were tabulated and correlated; many new facts were learned about the Dutch female figure. From these, a simple, two-dimensional sizing system was devised, based on circumference of waist and length of back. And, to aid salespeople, a new kind of tape measure was invented—one side registers centimeters (for the waist); on the other there are three different back spans: short, medium and long.

Dr. Van Der Wal talked three large manufacturers into sizing

their 1952 fall lines according to this new system. These dresses went on sale last October. Their *pompkosten* are now being charted against those of dresses produced under the old sizing system, and resulting savings will be passed onto next year's customers. When the proof is all in, he's certain every Dutch manufacturer will be forced to change over.

But Dr. Van Der Wal isn't stopping there. He has made dozens of U. S. trips, and talks of the future of Dutch retailing in strictly State-side terms. "Today, only 50 per cent of Dutch women buy dresses ready-made. In the States, you've got between 95 and 98 per cent. That's what we're aiming for—the big potential market that hasn't been touched yet. Not just in dresses, but in all women's clothes! It means lower costs for everyone, and standardization will make it easier for our exports, too."

Here again, as everywhere else these American-thinking businessmen touch hand to their national economics, the repercussions are more important than the act. If a woman can get a good-looking, low-priced dress, she is going to demand other good-looking things to go with it. Which means her husband is going to have to work harder. This, say Europeans who've studied us on our home grounds, is the heart of American retail sales.

A group of serious Britishers comprising an ECA "internal combustion engine productivity team" returned from several months on our shores. Their report caused a sensation. It is the woman, they stated firmly, who is the "driving force" in the American economy. The British press had a field day. One paper headlined: "Ooh-Buy-Me-That! Wives Make Nation Prosperous." But revelations like these aren't lost on businessmen in Britain and the Continent who realize that perhaps their own women can be a driving force too.

IN FACT, many American merchandising ideas, designed to make things easier for women to buy, are now being leveled successfully at her European opposite number. Self-service, for example. In Holland, Dr. Van Der Wal said proudly: "We've got a Christmas 'Toy-eteria' now—just like Wieboldt's, in Chicago."

In Denmark, Kaj Nielsen returned from a technical assistance study of the A&P and other U. S. serve-yourself operations and immediately began converting the 70 store group belonging to the H. B.

Cooperative, of which he's president.

In France, a brave man (in the face of the great seriousness with which the French regard anything to do with *la cuisine*) named Max Heilbronn set up self-service food departments in his 90-odd *Monoprix* department stores. Mr. Heilbronn, who's also co-partner of *Galeries Lafayette* (Paris' third largest department store) and a maker of annual pilgrimages to U. S. merchandising shrines since 1925, is responsible, incidentally, for perhaps the best Franco-American *bon mot* of all time.

Recently an official of Macy's in New York returned a Heilbronn visit. A fancy dinner party was thrown at the *Galeries*. Then the American arose. "Lafayette, we are here!" he quipped.

Quickly, Mr. Heilbronn responded: "Macy—*beaucoup!*"

You might expect the world's most modern frozen food plant to be in America—but it's on the east coast of England in Grimsby. There, Carl Ross, 50, a fishmonger's son, packs "Sea Sparkle" brand quick-frozen fish, to delight the Englishman's palate these bitter meat-rationing days.

Until 1946, freezing fish was a makeshift business in Britain. A few fisheries had freezing departments, but they operated only when surpluses were on hand. Then, Mr. Ross, already the nation's largest distributor of fresh fish (through canny amalgamation, he parlayed a business worth \$500,000 in 1919 into the \$12,000,000 "Quayside Products" empire) came along aiming to "industrial-

ize the fishing industry" and "for the first time, to treat fish as a food." Result: his \$600,000 Quayside plant stands out in the grimy port town like a bright new molar. Everything about it is shiny. The 200 men and women there wear spotless white smocks, have an air of briskness and pride to them.

Approximately 80 tons of fish daily are hauled up the unloading bays (by U. S.-made Aero Lift trucks). The fish are washed, skinned, fileted along three triple-level production lines. Filets, moving in wire cages, are pressed into one-pound "consumer packs" or seven-pound "block packs." Then they go into freezers.

Mr. Ross is important to Britain because he points the way to making fish a more economical com-

(Continued on page 76)

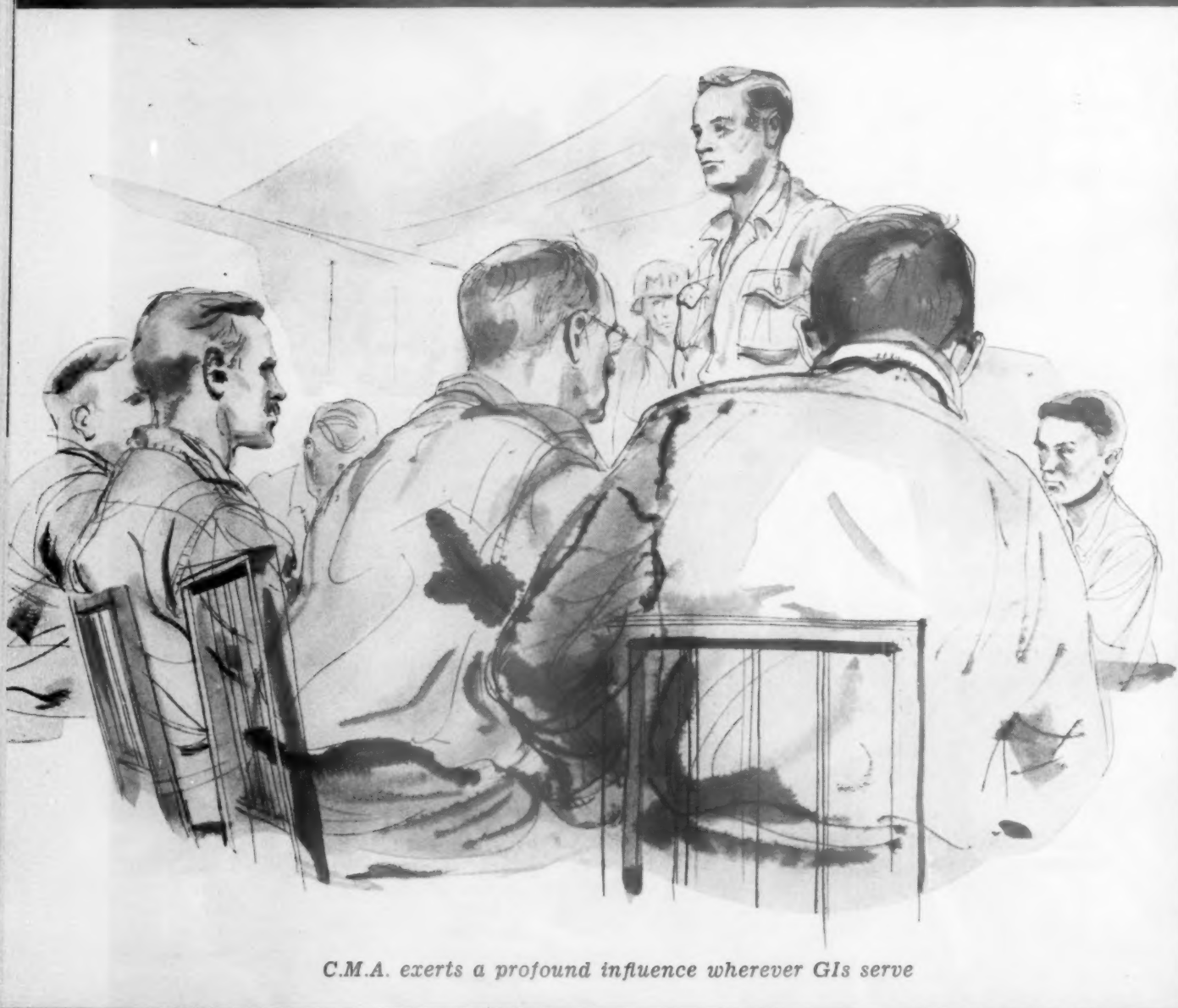
Priced within the Italian worker's reach, the scooter set off a transport revolution



*The three civilian judges of the new Court of
Military Appeals review trial proceedings
to make sure that justice is done on*

the GI's day in court

By STANLEY FRANK



C.M.A. exerts a profound influence wherever GIs serve



Left to right: Justices Latimer, Quinn and Brosman

AN ACCIDENT of time rarely has been as consequential to a man as it was to Pfc. Carmen A. DeCarlo. If his carbine had gone off two weeks earlier, Private DeCarlo would be serving 25 years at hard labor today in a federal penitentiary for the murder of a Korean native. Two weeks earlier, the sentence of an Army court-martial would not have been subject to review by the new United States Court of Military Appeals, a civilian panel which may be said to represent the greatest reform ever made in the archaic system of military law.

In the past year and a half the Court of Military Appeals has protected the constitutional rights of more than 2,000 servicemen. The DeCarlo case involved a typical abuse the court will not tolerate.

Private DeCarlo was moving up to the front with his infantry regiment in March, 1951, when he asked Pae Kaiwun, a Korean boy working in the outfit's supply branch, for a bar of candy. Pae frequently had given candy to the soldiers but on that occasion said he had none. All witnesses testified that Private DeCarlo was kidding when he told Pae, "If you don't give me some candy I'll shoot you"—and then his gun went off.

Just before Pae died he said he knew the shooting was accidental. The law officer (judge) of the court that tried Private DeCarlo on May 15, 1951, refused to admit Pae's statement in evidence and Private DeCarlo was found guilty of unpremeditated murder. The law authorizing C.M.A. to review court-martial convictions went into effect May 31, 1951. The Court of Military Appeals, whose decisions are final, ruled that the suppression of Pae's voluntary statement was a prejudicial error and ordered another trial. Private DeCarlo was charged with negligent homicide at the retrial and received a sentence of six months. He since has returned to active duty.

All of the servicemen who have filed appeals with the court during its brief existence, regardless of results, have benefited by the creation of this highest military tribunal. The overworked, three-man court reverses the decisions of courts-martial in

almost half the cases it reviews. Those whose appeals are denied have the satisfaction of knowing they received fair trials, which is in itself an improvement over the former system. Yet the chief significance of C.M.A. cannot be measured by deadpan statistics. It exerts a profound influence on service officers who, for the first time, know that their decisions are subject to review by civilian authorities.

"I believe we hold among the most important judicial appointments in the country with the exception of the Supreme Court," says Chief Judge Robert E. Quinn. "Our jurisdiction is world-wide and, with 3,000,000 men in the armed forces, we go into almost every home. The function of this court is to safeguard the rights of individuals which too often are ignored or violated by military organizations. As the public becomes more familiar with our work, I believe that draftees and their families will be more reconciled to military service made necessary by world conditions."

Congress concurred with Judge Quinn's attitude and, for a refreshing change, kept C.M.A. relatively free of political pressures. Two possible criticisms can be found with the law which established the court. There is a proviso that no more than two judges can come from the same political party and the appointments are for 15 years, except for the first nominees who hold staggered terms of five, ten and 15 years. Most authorities believe that the judges should be appointed for life, like all other federal judges, to forestall any suggestion of untoward influences.

There were senators and big government wheels among the 300 candidates for the three posts which pay \$17,500 annually, the top salary received by federal judges except Supreme Court justices. President Truman selected and the Senate approved men with extensive legal and military experience who have firsthand knowledge of the three major branches of the armed forces.

Judge Quinn, who is 58, (Continued on page 72)

REAL ESTATE: an investment paradox

BY RUFUS JARMAN

Here's a business where people get a preview of what's ahead. Yet, 95 per cent of the run-of-the-mill investors manage to get hurt

GEORGE LOHR



REAL ESTATE, which is currently being regarded as the thing to own as the surest hedge against inflation, might easily be called the most paradoxical of all forms of financial investment.

It is the oldest, the most tangible, conspicuous and probably potentially the safest of enterprises in which people invest their money in the hope of gain. But, over the years, real estate has lost money for a larger percentage of its investors, perhaps, than any other form of financial adventuring — aside, naturally, from such foolishness as fake oil stock and holdings in haunted gold mines. The trouble with real estate investments may be that the whole principle of the thing is just too simple and obvious. It tends to inspire overconfidence.

"Real estate," one of the nation's most successful moguls in that medium was observing not long ago, "is the one business where people get an absolutely free preview of what is to come. In no other business does a person have an infallible forecast of what is coming by what is happening to other businesses. Real estate has always followed the general business curve—at a safe, comfortable distance. That distance has always been great enough that an investor can get into real estate early before the boom is well developed, make his money and then, when the market

is about to decline, get out before he is hurt.

"And yet, probably 95 per cent of the run-of-the-mill investors in real estate do get hurt. Mathematically, an investor who knows nothing about real estate—and this includes most who think they are authorities—should have a 50-50 chance. But the 50 per cent who should have the winning chance can't stand prosperity. As they observe their property values increase, through no effort on their part, they get the impression they are great real estate thinkers. They overextend until they cannot hold their properties, even before a business decline sets in. When a decline does come, most of the rest suffer losses.

"The only reason the five per cent I've mentioned of the run-of-the-mill investors in real estate happen to win is that they die before they have a chance to lose what they have made."

Probably a larger percentage of Americans are currently holding real estate as investments than at any time in the nation's history. Many entered the field within the past six years mainly in the belief that real estate—which is earth and the stone, steel, brick and wooden structures erected thereon—cannot deflate like dollars, made of paper. The urge to get into real estate has been so intense that investors, in many cases, have been content to buy properties that give

them no return on their down payment—only enough to keep up their amortization payments. Older and wiser heads in the business believe this is pretty silly.

Such investors apparently dismiss all thoughts of taxation, depreciation and the possibility that general business conditions may decline. These factors make the difference of whether an investor makes or loses money on his property, regardless of inflation—or, indeed, if he is able to keep his investment at all.

For instance, a good many medium-priced, medium-sized apartment buildings are now being offered for sale around New York—and there are parallels in most larger communities—according to the following approximate prospectus:

A five-story building, containing 21 apartments (103 rooms) is offered for, say, a \$16,000 cash payment, plus a first mortgage of \$52,000 at four-and-a-half per cent, plus a second mortgage of \$15,000 at five per cent. Annual rental is figured at, maybe, \$14,000, annual expenses at \$12,000, annual profit at \$2,000.

However, in the income estimate, allowances for vacancies are seldom made nowadays. Normally, an owner must allow for at least ten per cent vacancies. (Normal times in housing space are practically here, and new apartment
(Continued on page 81)



the man who didn't Gamble

By FLETCHER FLOYD ISBELL

*A poker hand is strange collateral
for a bank loan, but old Clint knew
what he was doing when he made it*



THE EXAMINER was waiting at the hitching rack when Frank Tyler arrived to open the bank in the bright Texas morning sunlight. The young assistant cashier let him in behind the grillwork and cast a hasty look around. The high stools, the inkwells, the long pens were as he and Clint Garner had left them last midnight, but the wick of the kerosene lamp had a wide telltale edge of black.

"Sit down, Mr. Thrupp," said Frank, making his voice as cordial as he could. He crossed to the lamp and trimmed the wick, thinking hard. He was a slim lad, with a naturally nervous manner, but he knew his Adam's apple was bobbing a little more than usual. He had been in the bank only two years, old Clint 20 or more. Clint, of the roly-poly form and cherubic face, did not seem at all worried about those notes as they worked on the books last night. "Just be sure the figures are right," he said,

"in case that examiner does show up like he might."

Frank watched Mr. Thrupp perch himself on a stool and open the big ledger brought out of the vault. The examiner was thin, with a narrow face and close-set eyes. It was the sort of face, Frank knew, that would not miss anything. Presently he saw Mr. Thrupp's lips begin to purse.

Frank's eyes turned to the clock. He wished fervently for old Clint. If there were to be questions, he wanted Clint to answer them, not himself. This man could not only close the bank and throw him out of a job. He could brand Frank for life, and blight a career just well started.

Frank thought of Nancy's blue eyes, and an engagement ring. He bit his lip. Clint already was ten minutes late for the first time in Frank's recollection. Clint was soft and easy-going, but he was also punctual. Frank's fingers began to drum his desk. Was Clint coming at all? Could it possibly be—

NATION'S BUSINESS SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH



WALTER RICHARDS

The door opened, and he looked up in relief, but it was not the old cashier. Instead he saw the short and chunky form of Jack Mangum. Jack ran some cattle on his place, and some of those notes were signed by him. He was a quiet man ordinarily, but as Frank let him behind the barrier he saw the cattleman's dark eyes snap and his hand run through his black hair.

"Clint here?"

"Not yet," said Frank.

"You'll do, then," said Mr. Mangum, grinning. "I need \$500, and there ain't much time."

Mr. Thrupp, on his stool, did not stir, but Frank knew he did not miss a syllable.

"For what purpose, Mr. Mangum?" Try as he would, Frank could not make his tone hearty instead of cautious.

"Well, it's like this, son," said the cattleman. His voice had little chuckling tones running through it,

like a man who's satisfied with himself, Frank thought. "You know that poker game that runs down behind Slaughter's livery stable. I took a hand last night, and most of the time it was pretty scratchy going. But just after daylight I finally threw my loop on a pretty good hand of cards.

"Nice thing is, Wiley Karnes did too. After everybody else dropped out, he stuck like a houn' dawg under a wagon. But it didn't take much raisin' for us to get ever'thing out on the table. So Wiley says let's seal up these cards in envelopes and go out and raise a little more mazuma, and then come back and bet some more."

Frank looked at him in incredulity. From the stool he heard a snort—high and thin, but authoritative.

"You want a loan for that, Mr. Mangum? Well, I guess you'll understand—we hold several of your notes now, and really, without collateral—"

Mr. Mangum grinned with a feeling of confidence,

"Oh, I've got some very good collateral this time."

"What is it, Mr. Mangum?"

"A queen high straight flush."

Mr. Thrupp's pen slammed to the wide sloping desk. Frank looked at him, and caught a cold malevolent eye.

Suddenly, the young assistant cashier knew that this was his opportunity. The situation showed the examiner the bizarre propositions to which the bank was subject in this Texas outpost, but at the same time gave him a chance to display firmness and acumen in handling its affairs.

"I'm sorry," he said, turning to Mr. Mangum. "We run on sound business principles here, and it's absurd to think we could take part in a gambling game."

Mr. Mangum's face showed his unbelief. "You mean you ain't goin' to back a shore hand?" he asked. "Jest throw it away?"

Frank was a little uncomfortable, but he thought of the bank and of Mr. Thrupp. It was as though he felt something boring into his back. "That's the way it is, Mr. Mangum—" he began, when the door opened, and there was Clint.

The plump old man lowered his bulk into the revolving chair at his roll-top desk, piled high with papers and aging books. He wore a black coat and a string tie, and his trousers were tucked into dark high-heeled boots. "First time late in years," he muttered in apology to Mr. Thrupp and Jack Mangum. His cherubic face was a little ruddier than usual, Frank thought.

Old Clint listened to the cattleman's story without changing expression until he heard of the sealed envelopes, when his eyes twinkled a little more.

"Well," he said at the end, "I always found Wiley Karnes a kind of slippery cuss to tie any facts to. At roundup time he always seemed to pick up more mavericks than other people, critters you couldn't be sure of. Now, Jack, jest how many cards did you draw?"

"I drew one and filled. Karnes took two."

Old Clint nodded, and turned his weight to the assistant cashier. "Reckon we can do it, Frank," he said gently. "Make out a note."

Mr. Mangum's face mirrored relief. Frank felt his own countenance fall. He did not dare look at Mr. Thrupp as he filled out the paper.

Mr. Thrupp waited until the door closed on Mr. Mangum, and then cleared his throat. His voice was higher even than usual as he addressed Clint:

"You must know I can't tolerate this sort of behavior. I've been looking over your note holdings. Mostly just promises, no better than the men who made them. Very little collateral. It's almost enough to put you out of business. Now it turns out you gamble."

OLD CLINT rubbed a plump cheek before he made an answer, and Frank saw that when he did, his voice was careful and deliberate.

"No, I never gamble," he said. "Haven't in 30 years. Not since '71, when I first went up the trail to Kansas, and I was in that Newton fight. Cowmen, peace officers, gamblers—eight men killed, four of them good ones, all over a deck of cards. Never gambled since."

He paused a moment, but before Mr. Thrupp could say anything he began again:

"Those notes, now. E. H. East's name is on some. E. H. went up with a herd the year before me, and the blazes were still bright on the trees then all through the Indian Territory timber country. E. H.

sold me steers for four years. I never put up a forfeit, and he never counted a bunch twice.

"Sure, Jack Mangum's signature is there on a lot of stuff. In '73 I sold Jack a hundred head, and didn't even bother with his note. Jack took 'em up by Red River Station and on to Abilene, and it was a Thursday night in September when he delivered 'em in the pens. The next day the telegraph operator got the news of Wall Street's Black Friday. Jack came back to Texas owin' me for all those steers. He punched for me and he punched for some other men for a long while, and he finally paid off.

"There's a note there of George Glenn's. George is black. He was a mighty young squirt when he first went up with Bob Johnson's big Colorado County herd. Bob died in Kansas one July. They embalmed him and put him in a metal coffin, and in September George started back with him alone. He was 42 days on the road, sleepin' every night in the wagon alongside the coffin, through all that Indian country. He brought Bob back to a Texas grave beside his wife. George Glenn is good at this bank."

THE SLOW VOICE stopped, then resumed. "Character loans, I reckon those are," said Clint. "The collateral is, the man won't rest till he's paid."

"Well, perhaps so," said the thin, grudging voice of Mr. Thrupp, breaking the spell a little. "I'm entirely aware of the necessity for reliability. That doesn't permit sheer gambling with the bank's funds. It doesn't excuse the disgraceful incident I have just seen. It's enough to close you up, and unless you get those funds back from Mangum immediately that's just what I'm going to do."

"What an old trail driver says, he means," said Clint, and Frank noticed his voice was still soft, but there was a kind of hardness underneath, like the firm leather under a sheepskin. "I wouldn't worry about that loan."

Mr. Thrupp's snort stopped almost in the middle, because just then the bank door was flung open and Jack Mangum strode in. His boots made clumping noises on the floor. Frank saw that he held something in his hand.

"Took him right into camp, Clint," said Mr. Mangum, his voice steady but his black eyes snapping a bit. He laid his hand on Clint's desk, and when he lifted it a cloth bag lay there. "Five hundred, and a little more for int'rest."

Clint slowly raised the heavy bag and let the gold run out, eagles and double eagles. All he said was, "Put it in the drawer, Frank, and give Jack his canceled note. Credit the interest to earnin's."

Frank did not want to look at Mr. Thrupp. But the noise he heard sounded like someone choking, and a glance showed him the examiner's thin face working.

"It makes no difference at all," Mr. Thrupp was saying. "It's the principle. It was gambling. He might have lost."

Old Clint ruffled the papers on his desk as though turning to other matters.

"Work stacked up, and I got a late start. Wiley Karnes' fault, too. Never did like him after the Widow Pate, on that ranch next to his, turned up one season with only forty calves. Her husband used to round up a hundred.

"Anyway, Karnes caught me down the street by the vest button and kept arguin' so, I couldn't get away. Seems he was in a poker game, and wanted the bank to lend him \$500 on four aces. I never gamble, with my money or anybody else's, but I had an awful time convincin' him of it, too."

END

At the rate Americans
are going, we'll soon be
the most traveled people on
the globe---to the delight
of the cruise business

BIG BOOM ON THE BRINY

By EVAN M. WYLIE

THERE are more Americans voyaging the seven seas today than ever before, to the delight of the cruise ship business which is booming as it hasn't since the 1920's. And 1953 is expected to see previous records surpassed.

To many people, the salt breezes and relaxation of an ocean voyage, particularly to the tropics or exotic foreign countries, is the perfect vacation. And today, no matter what your taste or the size of your pocketbook, there is a cruise to suit it.

For budget vacationists, there are "quickie" trips to Bermuda, Nassau and Havana. For middle-sized incomes, there are voyages to the West Indies, Hawaii and South America. For those who can afford it, there are 60-day, superelegant cruises to the Mediterranean, Scandinavia, South America and Africa with side trips up into the Andes or into the interior for a few days' big game hunting.

Begun in the '20's, when the transoceanic lines conceived the idea of diverting their big ships to warm weather cruising during the winter ebb in ocean travel, cruising has become a year-round, integrated part of the shipping business. A cruise passenger used to be a vacationist with a round-trip ticket. Today he may be a business or a professional man combining an ocean voyage with his regular work.

In 1952, a group of New England businessmen,

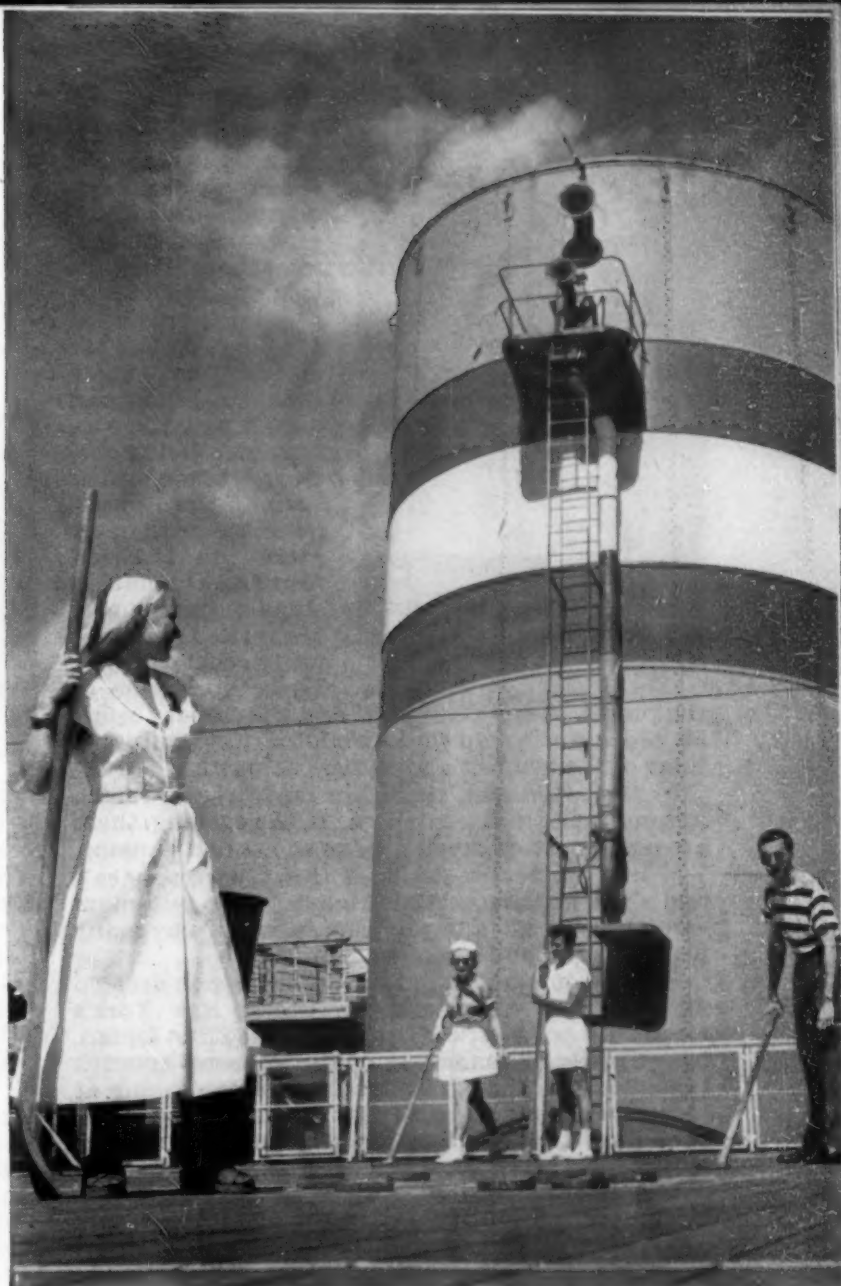
members of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts, made a 13,000-mile cruise to South America to explore new markets and investigate additional sources of raw materials and the possibilities of business partnership. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce recently made its second voyage to South America in two years and the northeast section of the American Urological Association made a trip to Brazil to attend the annual convention.

But the cruising peak comes during the winter when the lines bid for passengers with special trips to warm weather countries. Most "cruise ships" either are trans-Atlantic liners that have temporarily drawn a pleasure-voyaging assignment, or vessels whose regular runs take them through the Caribbean Sea and down the coast of South America and whose owners have found it worthwhile to cater to vacationists.

Incidentally, ocean giants such as the *Queen Mary* and the *United States* aren't used. They can't be maneuvered safely in the small island harbors.

A liner diverted to winter cruising becomes almost a complete seaside resort. Every morning you can decide whether you want to run yourself ragged with golf lessons, ping-pong tournaments or just doze with a book under a beach umbrella.

Ships on cruises are always manned by their regular year-round crews. Stewards and stewardesses



ROY PINNEY



the placid, sunny Caribbean and the holiday spirit aboard a cruise ship works wonders in softening up some of the gruffest and saltiest skippers.

In the afternoon, there are horse races, rumba lessons, raffles and tea dances. In the evening, there are bingo parties, movies, stage shows and dancing.

When you realize that all this plus fine meals and a comfortable berth is included for a minimum rate of about \$25 a day, it is easy to see why many people like a cruise vacation.

Where you can cruise to this winter was decided as usual last summer in downtown New York's steamship line district. There men like Elliot Liman, passenger traffic manager of the Holland-America Line, Ronald Johnson of Cunard and Leo Archer of Moore-McCormack juggle lists of islands and countries to get the combinations that will attract the most people when snow and sleet begin to fly. They dare not schedule the same ports each winter or even a year apart for much of their business comes from "repeaters" who take one or even more cruises each season.

Among Mr. Johnson's customers, particularly those who book passage on the Mediterranean cruises or on the swanky *Caronia*, repeaters average up to 25 per cent. To satisfy them, he must offer a

new assortment of ports each year and send the ship to Africa one season and to India the next.

Selling cruises, these steamship men say, is like any other form of merchandising in that it consists mainly in finding out what people want, letting them know you have it and then following through to make sure your customers are satisfied they got their money's worth. Thus, both Mr. Liman and Mr. Johnson, although they have had 25 years in the business, still make a practice of

getting out from behind their desks and aboard ships.

Talking and moving among the passengers, they try to ascertain why the guests chose a particular cruise and what they liked and didn't like about it. All passenger agents take cruises themselves—on

bask in the sun on the crew's decks and do their own shopping and sight-seeing ashore. The captain and his officers, rarely seen during a stormy Atlantic crossing, have more time to relax and mingle with the passengers. Young officers sometimes squire the pretty feminine passengers ashore to a beach picnic. On many ships the passengers are invited to a captain's cocktail party.

The combination of

each other's lines—to observe the competitors' shipboard programs.

In arranging cruises an odd assortment of facts about potential passengers is kept in mind. Women, it is known, have a lot more to do with picking a cruise than men. Often they will choose a trip for its shopping opportunities rather than its scenery. The islands of Curacao and St. Thomas almost

have become "must" stops on any West Indies cruise because nowadays many women are aware that at these internationally tax-free ports they can buy European perfumes, handbags, jewelry and china at 40 per cent below the U. S. prices.

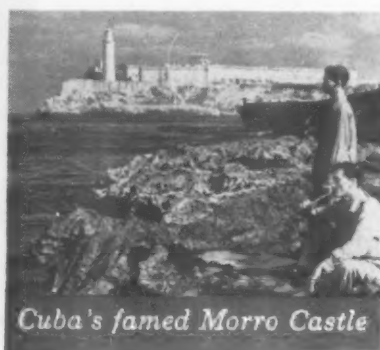
While it is also known that people will "buy" a cruise

because of the number of ports it takes in, the temptation to list a great many is tempered by the knowledge that once these same people fall into a shipboard routine, they resent being asked every day if they want to go ashore and are apt to return complaining they did not get enough rest. Ideally, the ports selected for a cruise should offer contrasts in scenery, peoples, and shopping attractions, and still be close enough together so that the ship's captain does not have to hit a teeth-rattling, fuel-consuming pace to stay on schedule.

Once a new cruise has been decided upon, its details are worked out months in advance by representatives of the line's passenger, personnel, operating and supply departments. Sailing schedules are planned with painstaking exactness, taking into consideration tide tables, distances between the ports and arrangements for tugs and pilots.

Arrangements are made for the ship to be refueled and supplied with water and fresh fruits and vegetables at ports along the way. Since a cruise is only a part of a year-round operation, the vessels always carry an extra stock of food so that unscheduled additional time at sea as a result of weather or engine trouble would not cause any noticeable change in the menus. Many of the ships are equipped to distill their own water. All carry tanks whose capacities are so large that a few extra days at sea would mean no more than perhaps rationed water for passenger shower baths.

Putting a premium on passenger safety as well as on comfort, the steamship lines steer the ships clear of hurricane belts and inadequately equipped harbors. The larger liners carry their own fleets of motor launches to ferry passengers ashore when it is necessary to anchor out in a harbor. Each ship has a complete medical department staffed by a physician, and usually at least one registered nurse, a miniature hospital equipped to handle anything from sunburn cases to an appendectomy.



PHOTOS THREE LIONS; GEORGE BURNS; HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

A year or so ago Mr. Johnson, arranging a world-girdling cruise for the *Caronia*, was about to schedule a stop at Bali when he discovered there were only about 18 automobiles available to transport his 400-odd tourists from the capital to sight-seeing areas 40 miles away.

Another stop was substituted.

Local holidays also must be looked into so that a cruise ship won't arrive at a port either to find its shops and restaurants shuttered up and its residents decamped to the hills, or, in the other extreme, flocking to the beaches and crowding the restaurants and night clubs that the passengers had expected to enjoy.

Besides the ports themselves, the cruise departments must concern themselves with a multitude of other problems peculiar to the business ranging from the price of balloons and paper hats to printing costs of colored brochures for travel agencies and advertising rates and schedules. Outside of normal operating costs, which are about the same as when the ship goes trans-Atlantic, magazine and newspaper advertisements bite into budgets.

Another chore that gets close attention is the interviewing and auditioning of entertainers for shipboard floor shows. Animal acts are out, as are acrobats, jugglers, and brash masters of ceremonies whose line of patter might not fit in a family atmosphere. Most in demand are singers, dancers and magicians. Those who have had previous shipboard experience are most likely to be hired.

Cruise men know that nothing can be more lugubrious than a queasy soprano who turns pale and clutches the piano at every roll of the ship. Of the dancers, husband and wife teams usually are preferred since they are less apt to become involved in romances with passengers.

It's an axiom in the cruise business that the merchandising job is only half done when the ship sails. How much the passengers enjoy their voyage determines whether they will sail again with the same line and whether they will recommend it to friends. With these thoughts in mind, the steamship companies hire cruise directors who labor from early morning until after midnight to establish a holiday spirit and meet every emergency with

quick-thinking resourcefulness.

Probably the most noted of cruise directors is Robert J. Smith who in the past 20 years has supervised countless cruises to the West Indies, South America and Scandinavia. Now the owner of several hotels in Atlantic City, N. J., Mr. Smith need never set foot on a ship except as a passenger, but he still practices cruise directing as a hobby. He is happiest when he is barking into a microphone on the open deck of a Caribbean-bound liner refereeing a pillow fight between teams of business and professional men.

As befits his station, Mr. Smith sails only on the largest liner used for cruising, the *Nieuw Amsterdam*. He presides over 700 vacationists with a retinue of assistants, several orchestras, a stage show, an athletic coach. He distributes bottles of champagne by the basketful as contest prizes. While the ship is only a few hours out of New York, still nosing its way south through a snowstorm, Mr. Smith assembles the passengers in the grand ballroom. To the tune of "Happy Days Are Here Again,"

he bounces into view.

"It's still winter outside," he cries, "but tomorrow it will be spring and the day after that real midsummer! Girls, you'd better get that suntan lotion ready and I hope you all packed your bathing suits!"

All of his promises have some basis of fact. The forecast of spring the next day

is based on his knowledge that by then the ship will have entered the Gulf Stream and the air will be mild and balmy. Since at the same time, however, it will be about off Cape Hatteras, whose waters can be as rough as any on the Atlantic Coast, Mr. Smith doesn't dwell on what the condition of the ocean may be except to remark that for a few hours it may be a little "roller coasterish."

He calls such euphemisms "giving people a vacation lift," and uses them constantly. Thus, the open-air cafeteria on the upper decks will probably be referred to as "Dining Al Fresco for the Sun Worshipers" and late drinkers in the ship's bars always are referred to as "Members of the Owls Club."

By the third day at sea, the last seasick passenger has recovered and Mr. Smith's shipboard recreation program is going full blast. Early risers may exercise to music and follow with a pre-breakfast dip in the ship's pool. Later there will be mock weddings, games, crab and turtle races, tango contests, golf driving matches, and costume balls.

Actually, deck and public room space is so vast that it is possible for a passenger to ignore all these goings-on and sit quietly (Continued on page 74)



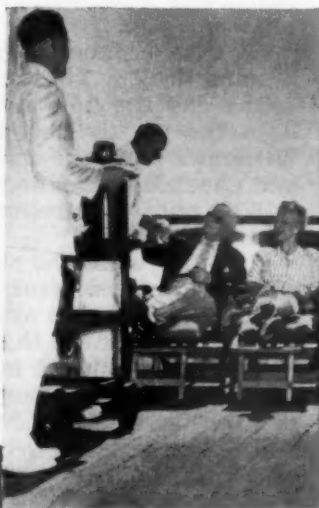
Beauty sails the briny



Mayhem on a slick pole



Jamaica: fun on shore



The mid-morning break

*Eating isn't the art
it once was.*

Gourmets like

Diamond Jim Brady

are disappearing

and so are the



DOROTHEA FRITZLAFF

*Nello Giometti of Chicago's Erie Cafe likes guests
to come back and select the meat for their dinners*

VIRTUOSOS OF THE POT

ONCE upon a time, says the dedication page of the official book of bylaws of the Vatel Club, Inc., an exclusive organization of chefs who work in and around New York, there was a celebrated French chef named Vatel, born in 1635. No English translation could do justice to the 22 expressive lines of French that tell of Vatel's demise, but in brief, here is what befell him:

Vatel was attached to the household of Prince de Condé, in a position of such authority that he was entitled to wear a sword. When he was 36, his boss, the prince, decided to toss a blowout, or *fête*, in honor of a king named Louis XIV, who shall be nameless in the lexicon of every man whose wife has ever ventured into an antique shop.

On the day of this bash, or *fête*, Vatel awoke at four a.m., went to the kitchen, and found that the fish he had ordered had not yet arrived. He became highly agitated, and went about nervously chopping onions and adding pepper to things. At length the fish was brought—enough for 50 people. Vatel was expecting 3,000 guests. Now he was in real despair. A half-hour later, when the rest of the fish came, they found him in his chamber, *perforé* by three coups of his own *épée*.

If Vatel's case seems exceptional, consider that of three people involved in preparations for the coronation of King Edward VII of England in 1902. Chefs attached to the royal staff had been working for 34 days. Just before the great event, the King had to undergo minor surgery. The postponement was too much for one chef, who attempted suicide. Another suffered a nervous breakdown and wound up in a hospital.

The celebrated M. César Ritz, who in his world-

famous Carlton Hotel had been planning a gala to end all galas, collapsed on the afternoon he heard the news. M. Ritz was never again quite the same. He went traveling about Europe and America, restlessly founding faultless hotels and restaurants, but his heart had gone out of his work.

Such stories, which used to be told and retold whenever a group of working chefs would get together with a convivial glass, have few parallels in the lives of chefs today. Occasionally there are reports of a chef making a noble gesture, or suffering a catastrophe, but only occasionally.

Four years ago a famous New England hotel was taken over by a nationwide chain. The master chef, who had ruled in his tile-and-metal domain for 27 years, was acknowledged one of the finest in the country.

"If they economize me," he said, firmly if not grammatically, "I quit myself."

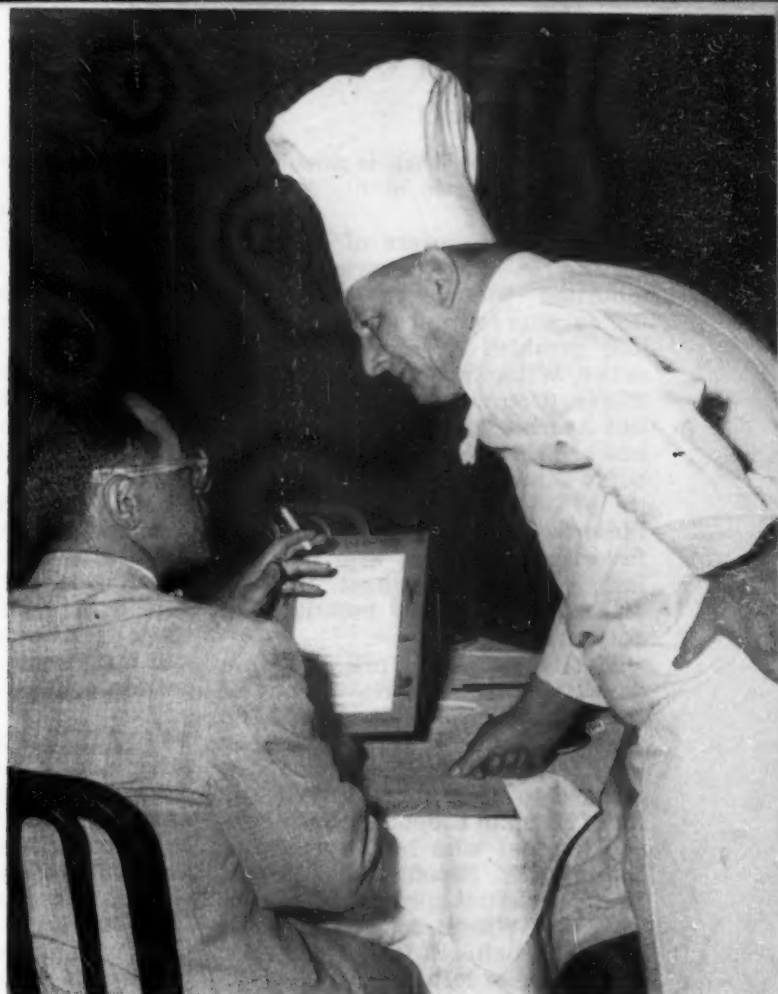
One day the new manager suggested that perhaps the weekly butter order might be reduced. Without a word, the chef took off his cap, his apron and checked pants, donned his street clothes, and walked out. Now retired, he still mutters darkly over "progress."

Similarly, when the old Ritz-Carlton in New York was torn down two years ago, the *chef de cuisine*, M. Louis Diat, regarded as one of the greatest chefs of all time, announced that he was not moving to the new location. The old Ritz kitchen was transported chopping block by chopping block uptown to the new Carlton House, and with it went Armand Kauffmann, Diat's second in command, as well as the rest of the staff. The new place, embellished with every conceivable improvement, would have suited even



When the old Ritz kitchen in New York was moved uptown to the new Carlton House, Armand Kauffmann went with it

Charles Pickel of Luchow's in Manhattan is one chef who cheerfully gives out recipes



AND PAN

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

the most finicky. M. Diat preferred to remain home to write his memoirs.

The reason that such stories are heard today with increasing infrequency is not difficult to find. The first-rate chef is a vanishing species, and may soon be as extinct as the pterodactyl. This is not due to the shortage of cooks, parlor maids and household help that has existed since the beginning of World War II.

There are cooks and cooks, and we are not concerned here with the kind who can turn out a fair steak, an acceptable salad, and a decent dessert. Almost anyone, given a brain, manual dexterity, and a stove, can do that. The men who are disappearing are the sensitive, romantic artists of the old school, those true magicians in the tradition of Vatel and Anthelme Brillat-Savarin (author of "The Physiology of Taste," the first definitive treatise on fine food).

Fine cooking in the great manner goes back to the Egyptians. The wealthy Greeks were great gourmets, and the names of two notable Romans, Lucullus and Apicius, have become almost synonymous with excellent food.

In the Middle Ages, the art was kept alive in the monasteries, where fat monks knew that meditation on spiritual matters was best accomplished on a satisfied belly. French cooking was influenced first by Italian, and is generally believed to have started as a school when Catherine de Medici brought her household cooks to Paris. Napoleon Bonaparte, whose table was second to that of no other ruler, extended its influence to other parts of Europe in the course of his military conquests.

As practiced by the French, the culinary art

reached its finest period around the turn of the century. Before that, French and Italian cooks had come to America, which previously had been noted chiefly for plain, substantial, simple food in the manner of the British and German cuisine.

From around 1900 until the beginning of World War I, the food in fine old restaurants in the United States, such as the old Plaza Hotel, the Waldorf, the Astor House, Rector's and Bustanoby's, was regarded as the equal of that to be found anywhere in the civilized world.

Then it began to decline. One of the most famous restaurants in this country is Antoine's, in New Orleans, founded by Antoine Alciatore in 1840, and now operated by his grandson, Roy. Gourmets from throughout the world have visited Antoine's to sample such delicate creations as Oysters Rockefeller, an invention of the house, a subtle blending of the tangy sea-mineral taste of the bivalve and the fresh, crisp flavor of spinach.

For years, the chef at Antoine's, a stern and passionate man named Camille Aversa, a regally handsome Italian who had been apprenticed in kitchens in his native land, delighted the patrons with his creations. One remarkable one was *Oef Sardou*, which he made by lining a fresh artichoke heart with anchovies, topping it with a poached egg and a truffle, and covering the whole with *Sauce Mousseline*.

Today Antoine's standards are as high as ever, and the food is still enough to make anyone who has ever eaten there itch to return. But recently, pointing up the difficulty of finding great virtuosos of the pot and pan, Roy Alciatore wrote, "Our chef, Camille Aversa, died four years ago. He has not

been replaced. Work is now being carried on by two of his apprentices."

A year ago, lovers of *la haute cuisine* in the theatrical world mourned the death of Matteo Conca, who for more than 20 years had presided in a modest place called Wilson's Sea Grill, in New Haven, Conn. Matteo, an Italian like Averna, had worked in the renowned Papa Moneta's on Mulberry Street in New York, a favorite of Victor Herbert and other famous show folk. He had been a favorite of Caruso, who particularly enjoyed the spaghetti that Matteo prepared by boiling it in chicken broth.

Matteo left New York to open a delicatessen in New Haven, but he wasn't happy there. His friend Jim Wilson, whose family had been in the fresh fish business for years, decided to open a restaurant and hired Herman Lippold, another excellent chef who had worked for the mighty Escoffier in Europe. Herman did not speak English very well, and Wilson asked Matteo to come and help out for a few weeks. Matteo never left.

MANY Broadway plays try out in New Haven, and in the course of two decades Matteo's specialties became well known to virtually everybody who was anybody in the theater. He was particularly good with game. He would take a pheasant, bone it, stew the bones with strips of salt pork, then strain off the water, pop the bird in the pot, moisten it with white wine and cook it for exactly two hours and five minutes, adding rosemary and sage at the end.

Later he would make gravy from the stewed-bone stock. Served with a soup made of a purée of mushrooms and chestnuts, this was enough to make even the most critical diner a lifelong slave to Matteo. Now that he is gone, Herman and the rest of the staff are doing their best to carry on, but as Wilson has said, "There'll never be another Matty."

Conca and Averna and their kind are a race apart, a strain of true creators. Like most of their colleagues, neither ever looked inside a cookbook, except to sniff scornfully. A friend once asked Louis P. de Gouy, author of "The Gold Cook Book," if he had seen a volume written by another chef. "Sir," said the chef, haughtily, "I do not absorb—I disseminate!"

A great cook invariably ages to a point where he works almost entirely by intuition, instinctively recognizing what flavors will blend

with others. He almost never even uses measuring cup or spoon, preferring to add ingredients by feel and by eye, as an experienced bartender will judge the proper amount of liquid he pours into a cocktail shaker by the number of gurgles he hears. Frequently nothing short of perfection satisfies him.

Richard Clark, chef at the Voisin in New York, insists on personally inspecting and in many cases tasting every dish that goes out of his realm. Clark, who studied under Escoffier and was mess steward to Admiral Jellicoe in World War I, has a staff of 18. He is continuously occupied in supervisory duties, but there are some specialties which he will not permit his staff to put together.

WRITERS, artists, composers and other imaginative people have never been noted for their sweetness of disposition, and neither have cooks. The strain of concocting elaborately seasoned, sensitively cooked food often breaks forth in bursts of temperament.

Patrons of a well known Chicago hotel once were astounded to see the assistant manager fleeing across the lobby with the master chef in hot pursuit, brandishing a small cleaver. The manager had had the temerity to challenge the *sauce bearnaise*.

Cooks are also notoriously heavy drinkers, and restaurateurs used to have great difficulty in keeping them on the job; in recent years, however, those of the old school who are still in harness have become more sober and reliable, conscious of their responsibility to the traditions of their art. Matteo Conca was not a heavy drinker by chefs' standards, but he made the average individual look silly with the one drink he had each day when he finished his stint in the kitchen. It was a Manhattan cocktail, differing from other Manhattan cocktails in that it filled an entire shaker.

Many cooks are as secretive about their trade as a courtesan about her affairs. A friend once asked Guido Bastiani, who has worked in most of Chicago's better hotels, how he made the sauce he used on a hot crabmeat canape. "Huh," Guido grunted, "I make-a." He would reveal no more. It is rare that customers are admitted to the kitchen of any restaurant, but there is one exception. Nello Giometti of the Erie Cafe in Chicago, a steak house with a reputation disproportionate to its small size, likes to have his guests come back and select the meat for their dinners.

If they don't visit him, in fact, he is mildly offended.

Since chefs bring so much pleasure to people, their gradual disappearance may at first be puzzling. Yet there are several factors to account for it. One is that all chefs herein mentioned, and in fact all worthy of the title, had to spend long, arduous apprenticeships.

Many chefs have spent two decades absorbing the tricks of their vocation under the stern, exacting tutelage of older men, proceeding through the culinary occupations step by step. They begin, usually, as *legumiers*, preparing and cooking vegetables. Some, perhaps, spend a year or two as oystermen, opening the bivalves and preparing shrimp cocktails and the like. Then they may learn to make *hors d'oeuvres*, which may take five or six years. From there they proceed to fish cookery, broiling, and upward to *gardemanger* (butcher), *saucier* (just what it looks like; sauce maker), and finally, if their talents have been noteworthy, to executive chef.

"Most young chaps today simply haven't the patience or the interest to serve an apprenticeship as long as that," says Richard Clark of the Voisin. "It's very difficult to get an apprentice who's really fascinated by the work. And once we do find a promising lad, he often loses interest when he finds out how difficult fine cooking is. We have some stocks and sauces here that take two or three days to bring to the point we desire. A young man, the average young man, would simply use a manufactured brown stock and let it go at that."

MANY young men are kept out of the kitchen by the kitchen itself, which is usually a hot, clangorous place, full of organized confusion and confused organization, redolent with the odors of a hundred different foods, not all of which are pleasant. Even if the kitchen holds no terrors for them, the hours do.

Charles Pickel, master chef at Luchow's, the fine old German restaurant in New York, has his chores beautifully arranged, and his kitchen is a model of procedural efficiency (around 80 men work under him). Yet his personal schedule is nerve-shattering. He arrives around ten a.m., checks the refrigerators, looks over the supplies that have arrived, and swings his men into luncheon preparations. Then he works on menus for the following week until the lunch trade gets brisk, at which time he steps to the stoves and lends his men a hand. If he is lucky, he gets

break around three, but he must be back at five for the early dinner arrivals.

Between times he must consult with Leonard Jan Mitchell, the owner, on orders and menus. He must also answer from ten to 15 calls from customers asking for recipes (unlike many chefs, he gives them out cheerfully). The kitchen closes at 10:30 p.m., but it is a rare day that Pickel gets out less than an hour later. He does this six days a week.

Another reason why the chef is fading is that there is little room for him in modern life. In the old, golden days, Diamond Jim Brady thought so highly of his palate that he sent George Rector all the way to Paris to bring back a recipe for a sauce. Today such behavior is unheard of, although Gen. George Patton, entertaining Marlene Dietrich in Regensburg, Germany, during the last war, did fly Alvin Katz, his mess steward, to the Paris Ritz to learn to make *crêpe suzettes*.

As the tempo of life has accelerated, people have come to devote less and less time to eating. Shorter sessions at the table mean shorter sessions, and less skill, in the kitchen. And as food preparation at home has become more simplified, so the demand for extensive preparations in restaurants has diminished. But there are still a few happy trenchermen around. Likewise, there are a few gourmet societies, such as *Les Amies d'Escoffier*, or *Les Chevaliers du Tastevin*.

In November, 1951, at the *Diner d'Automne*, *Les Amies* sat down to a fantastically sumptuous repast prepared under the direction of Joseph Castayabert, chef at the St. Regis Hotel in New York. They ate *la petite marmite* (a beef and oxtail soup requiring nearly a day to prepare), *la sole de la manche dorée* (sole fried in butter, garnished with lemon and parsley), *le supreme de faisan perigueux* (breast of pheasant, topped with a slice of goose liver and madeira wine sauce), glazed sweet potatoes, stewed endive, escarole salad, and *la coupe d'abondance cardinal* (fresh fruit with sugar, Kirsch, Grand Marnier and raspberry ice), and they drank seven wines and then had coffee and smoked cigars. There are similar groups in all sections of the country, but their numbers are dwindling.

Currently, a few efforts are being made to keep the chef from becoming totally defunct. In 1946, the Restaurant Institute of Connecticut at New Haven, a school devoted

to elevating the standards of cuisine, opened with a student body of close to 100. The aim of the school is to train chefs in the old tradition, first giving the students an opportunity to learn the fundamentals of the occupation.

Similarly, the New York Public School system has instituted a three-year course for apprentices, placing them under the direction of old hands in fine hotel kitchens. Some of the graduates of this eight-year-old program, which is centered in the New York School of Vocational Food Trades, a high school, have gone out into excellent jobs in various hotels.

The reluctance of modern young men to don the apron and the chef's cap may have something to do with the fact that cooks are regarded still as menials, little better than servitors of the lowest grade. This attitude is odd, considering that a first-rate chef can earn as much as \$20,000 per year, and that the average is now around \$15,000.

The demand for the master worker has never been greater.

There are still excellent restaurants scattered throughout the country—Chasen's in Hollywood, Omar Khayam's in San Francisco, the Shamrock Hotel in Houston, the Pump Room of the Ambassador in Chicago, Bob's in Richmond, Krebs in Skaneateles, N. Y., Locke-Ober's in Boston, Caproni's in Cincinnati, to mention only a few—and this fact alone proves that people are still eager to dine well.

Yet the chef today is an unhappy man, somewhat in the position of the old pony express rider who saw the first mail trains poking into his territory. Even chefs in the better jobs bemoan the gradual disappearance of their species.

Perhaps the unhappiest of them all is the man who holds what is regarded as the best job in the country. He earns around \$35,000 a year as *chef de cuisine* for a wealthy lady in New York. He has a staff of four and a kitchen complete in every detail. Yet he is miserable. The lady who employs him has been ill for many years. All she can eat is oatmeal.

FANCY BUSTIN'



FOR 17 years Expert Concrete Breakers, Inc., of Long Island City, N. Y., has been doing just what its name implies—busting up anything made of concrete, brick or rock into pieces small enough for one man to handle. Operating around New York City, the company does a gross annual business of more than \$100,000.

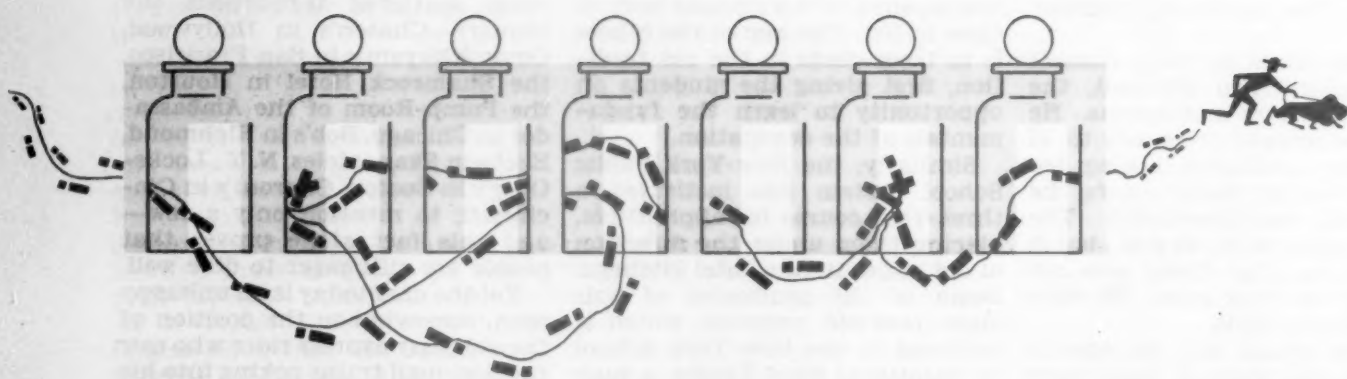
Expert's basic equipment is the air compressor mounted on a truck. It is used, for example, with a junior-sized pile driver affair to tear up long strips of old pavement. The company also uses air hammers.

Other equipment includes a diamond-edged buzz saw which cuts through concrete up to six inches thick. The blades cost \$140 (diamond chips set in

steel) and last only two or three days. Constant jets of water cool the saw; if the water fails, the blade is ruined.

Bank vaults give the firm the most trouble, but more than half of its work is drilling holes or knocking out spaces for air ducts, electric, steam or water lines, windows and doors. The company's unusual jobs have included tearing out statue foundations in Central Park; knocking the brownstone and concrete off New York's old Aquarium, exposing the original stone of the old Battery fort; gently ousting the altar in St. Patrick's cathedral for a new one. When it comes to such fancy busting, here's where Expert is expert.

—CLYDE CARLEY



Chemical cops and robbers

STANDING before rows of bottles in his research laboratory, Dr. Walter Godkin frowns darkly. He knows the substance he is seeking is not in his cabinet, yet at this moment it may be the key to his prolonged investigations.

What he wants is an organic compound of a fluorescent dye chemical.

Natural questions form in his mind. Does such a compound exist and does it have a name? Can he produce it himself? How long will it take?

Professor Godkin needs this dye in connection with research he is doing on how the human body manufactures hemoglobin. This is the red coloring matter of the blood. Hemoglobin does the breathing for the red corpuscles and feeds tissues with life-preserving oxygen. It is one of the most complicated organic compounds in all nature.

Thus the doctor is delving into the mystery of life at its source.

The search leads Dr. Godkin through known and obscure chemical journals and records. He investigates anything which might be remotely related to his work, but to no avail. Only as a last resort is any attempt made to produce a rare chemical in a laboratory. This would be costly in time and money, unless the solution were discovered quickly.

To help men like Dr. Godkin the Registry of Rare Chemicals was set up in 1942 by Armour's Research Foundation of the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. This cost-free service often saves thousands of dollars and months or years of research.

The Registry grew out of Institute research. The Institute was working on an insecticide for a company and the need arose for a rare chemical, lack of which threatened to cause a delay that would mean the loss of thousands of dollars. In that instance, the substance was located. This experience pointed up the need for an agency that would know where any existing rare chemical could be obtained without delay.

The Registry now has the names, history, composition and whereabouts of nearly 50,000 rare chemicals. Under the direction of Dr. Gilbert Galvin, a researcher, it handles nearly 10,000 inquiries each year, of which about 80 per cent can be answered satisfactorily.

The Registry does not supply the chemical; it is merely a clearinghouse. It introduces the researcher

to the company, lab or individual who has the desired chemical, here or abroad.

The service does not confine itself to its own files. If the chemical is not listed, further search is instituted. A sort of cops and robbers hunt—a recheck through all catalogs, chemical abstracts, patent records. Likely scientists and labs are queried. As a last resort, the Registry advertises in five scientific, chemical and pharmaceutical journals.

Now and then the finding of a rare chemical results in the development of its vast commercial possibilities. For instance, the discovery of a commercial method of making penicillin opened up a whole new field of antibiotics. A systematic examination of soils by Charles Pfizer and Company produced a powerful antibiotic called Terramycin, which deals quick death to more than 50 pernicious organisms.

In this phase of American industrial life, millions of dollars will go into new chemical plants this year, many utilizing or producing chemicals and drugs that only yesterday were rare or unknown.

For the pure researcher, the rare chemical he seeks may not hold two cents worth of commercial profit; on the other hand, it may unlock a new plastic, alloy, fiber, insecticide or drug that may add billions to the world's wealth and immeasurably augment health, security, and happiness.

Some requests that come to Dr. Galvin and his assistant, Mrs. Rosaleen Burke, call for the ingenuity of a missing-persons bureau hunting for a debt dodger or an heir. Sixty per cent are from industrial labs, such as those of E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Tennessee Eastman, Dow Chemical, etc. "The rest," says Dr. Galvin, "come chiefly from universities, particularly the University of California, and private industries where students and physicians are carrying on their own research."

Sometimes obtaining a rare chemical rapidly does not involve an ambitious research project or a costly industrial process but the prompt saving of life.

"Where can I get a few milligrams of radioactive iodine immediately to treat a malignant thyroid growth?" inquired a physician.

The answer went back fast, and perhaps—we cannot record the outcome—the speed of that service tipped the balance from tragedy to hope, maybe to health and joy.—CARLETON BEALS

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NATION'S BUSINESS • JANUARY 1953



Nocturne of the coon dogs

By DR. LEON F. WHITNEY

ON CHILL, frosty nights next fall, thousands of roughly clad men will be tramping and scrambling again through rural fields and hills behind packs of hounds in pursuit of a small, furry, fox-faced animal with a ringed tail and a bandit's black mask over his eyes. Called by the Indians, Arakun, it is just what it sounds like in English—a raccoon.

These hunters, their flashlights and lanterns twinkling like fireflies, will be abroad in every state in the union, because the coon, strictly a North American creature, flourishes from border to border. And the legion of hunters, ever increasing, will come from every level of life. There will be in their ranks doctors and dishwashers, bankers and barbers, professors and prize fighters, all solemn devotees of America's greatest nocturnal sport—coon hunting.

I do not idly call it an *American* sport. It is traditional. It stems from colonial days, when it was not only a sport but a business. It provided meat and furs for half-starved settlers. The coonskin cap was the crown of our hunting and scouting ancestors in this country. It was worn by Daniel Boone and has adorned the presidential ring, thrown there by Estes Kefauver, in memory of the early Tennessee riflemen. As surely as the eagle is our national bird, the coon should be our national animal, symbolizing, as it does, the founding of our nation.

It is a most democratic sport, too, bringing into the closest and most jovial association men of all kinds. These men are more than sportsmen, brought together by chance; they are votaries of a secret

Charles Dye

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cult, with their own coon-hunting morals, lingo and publications. Three widely circulated magazines—*Full Cry*, *Mountain Music* and *The American Cooner*—serve their special interests. It has been estimated that business built around the singular requirements of coon hunters—dogs, guns, apparel, camping equipment, etc.—runs as high as \$100,000,000 a year.

This coon-hunting cult, which brings into close communion a hillbilly of Missouri's Ozark Mountains and a Wall Street broker, is more than a figure of speech. When each learns of the other's devotion to the pursuit of "Ole Ringtail," a soft mysterious look, akin to the light of love, passes between them. For hours they will converse ecstatically, consuming the night with rather crass stories of adventures on the trail—tales which the noncultist would not endure for five minutes. I delight in such gab fests, because I have been a coon hunter myself for almost 34 years, and at the age of 58, I am more enthusiastic about a nocturne sung by a choir of hounds than Bach on an organ.



Coon hunting has bound me closely to many men, from stonemasons and peddlers to college professors and experimental scientists. I know many a man-and-wife team of coon hunters whose union has been strengthened by rugged, commonplace adventures on the frosty trail of the elusive raccoon. Although my wife is not a hunter, I know that coon-ing has cemented our relationship more than spooning, because I have produced from my nighttime expeditions more than one sheared coonskin coat of beautiful color since we were married. A lot of my friends have done likewise, thus atoning for nightly hunts in the fall.

Many church and fraternal organizations have strengthened their fellowship by buying a dog and taking to the hills on autumnal Saturday nights to pursue the wily ring-tailed raccoon, whose meat is a cross between chicken and lamb. Whenever, on a church lawn, you see the placarded invitation, "Coon Dinner Tonight," don't fail to attend. One taste of roasted raccoon may open an entirely new life to you.

A good (not the best) coon hound, broken for hunting, should cost about \$200. The coon-hunting magazines are full of advertisements of "coon dogs for sale," the owner offering to ship one on trial. If the hound doesn't perform to your satisfaction, you

may ship him back. I, myself, have tried out as many as six dogs in one season before making a selection. Now, being a veterinarian with extensive kennels, I raise my own, not necessarily to sell (I am not in that business), but for the glory of the sport.

Since the raccoon is strictly a denizen of the Western Hemisphere, the coon hound naturally is pretty much of an American breed. He is to be respected. He did not come over on the *Mayflower*. If he had come from England, he would have swum over, looking for coons. That's the stuff he's made of. He may hunt in packs, but he's strictly an individualist.

There are six different breeds of coon hounds, all equally American, even though one breed is called the English Bluetick, for what reasons I do not know. It is virtually impossible to give the ultimate pedigree of any one of the six strains, just as the average melting-pot American finds his genealogy hard to trace. Generally, however, the American coon hound is a compound of bloodhound and foxhound, the one for nose, the other for legs—scent and speed.

In most of the strains, there probably is a strong infusion of American farm shepherd, which, with the foxhound, provides determination—the will and strength to chase a coon four or five hours at about 12 mph, and then bark up the coon tree as long as 24 hours, as I have seen them do. Bark until help comes.

The farm shepherd in a coon dog, also, makes the hunter obedient and highly amenable to training. The six breeds to choose from are: Redbone, Black and Tan, Treeing Walker, mostly white, Bluetick, English Bluetick, and Plott, brindle, from the Carolinas. These are all registrable breeds, although there are many unregistrable variations which excel as good hunters.

Long before registration and kennel clubs, sportsmen crossed amenable and sensitive hunters of all breeds, producing super coon hounds with color and voice. I myself prefer Redbone hounds, which I consider the classic breed. They are the ones you are most likely to see lying and lolling on the porch of a log cabin in the hills of Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Arkansas—lean red hounds with pink tongues and gentle eyes. They swarm around the stranger at the cabin door, some baying or barking, some licking his hands.

Whatever breed you choose (they are all good if they get the coon), be sure your dog is broken to hunting coons. If he is a coy dog, he may follow any trail he picks up in the woods—deer, bear, skunk, squirrel or rabbit. A good coon dog makes coons his sole business. He is a determined and relentless enemy of the coon. Rabbit spores, no matter how enticing, will not dissuade him from his inalterable purpose in life—the pursuit of "Ole Ringtail." Dogs like that usually have been trained by patient, intelligent hunters with other good dogs to act as tutors.

Animal psychologists say that one animal will not imitate another, but there is no doubt in my mind that one animal can teach another. Spike, my favorite Redbone, eight years old, will reprimand sharply any young greenhorn who dares to frolic down the bunny trail or who tries to achieve great honor by pursuing the hopeless track of the stag. Spike barks at the miscreant, then runs to me, jumps up with his forefeet on my chest and seems to say, "Look at that fool. What shall we do about it?"

I may reprimand the scalawag pup to no avail;

then Spike runs after the juvenile delinquent and I hear growling and sharp barking. Presently Spike returns, followed by a chastened young Redbone, who, ever after, is dedicated to the war on the coon.

I have successfully trained coon dogs by mechanical means. I penned them up and, with electric fans, blew across them the odors of various animals—rabbits, foxes, squirrels and deer. Whenever they barked, they received a mild electric shock. At only one scent were they permitted to bark with impunity—the odor of the coon. While this method works, it is impractical for the average coon-dog raiser, and training with a pack achieves results just as good. Most important, the dog trained with the pack is exercised as it learns. There is no substitute for hunting.

HAVING an obedient and dedicated dog, the novice of the coon-hunting cult now turns to other equipment. He must have old clothes or hunting clothes, waterproof boots (for the wily coon is a great swimmer and will lead you into swamps, brooks, creeks and even rivers and lakes), a good flashlight, a lantern, and a .22 caliber rifle or pistol, for the coup de grace when the hunt ends. I, myself, like to carry a hypodermic syringe loaded with Nembutal, a hypnotic drug which puts the animal to sleep. On these days of my hunting, I often bring home my quarry alive, cage him and study his habits. When the hunting season ends, about Jan. 1, I turn loose my catches and they return to the woods to provide more raccoons and more hunting.

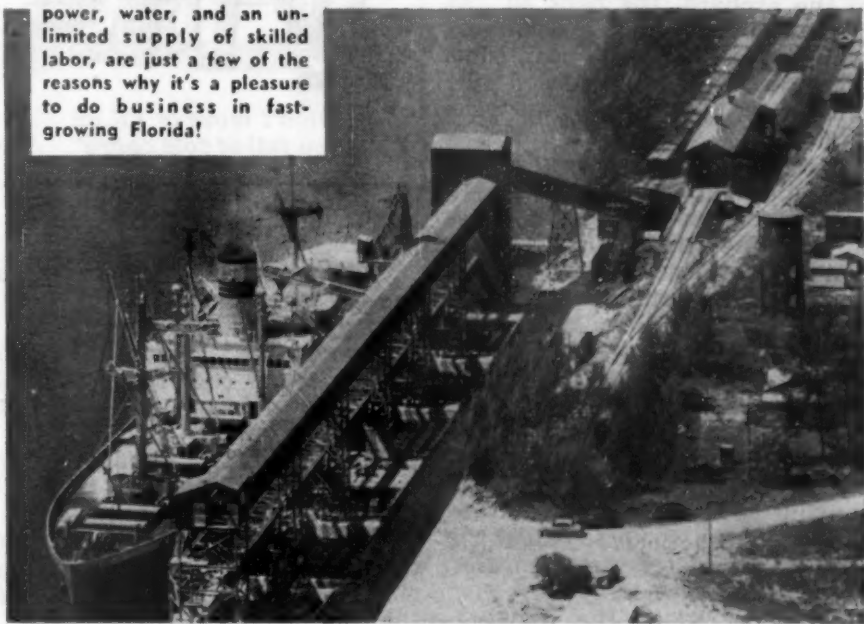
My studies of the raccoon, with the research of other scientists, should disabuse the public mind of a number of misunderstandings about this little animal. In the first place, he was named by zoologists *Procyon lotor*, *Procyon* after a constellation that rises before the dog star, *lotor*, after the Latin, the washer. I don't know why the *Procyon*, unless it was that the raccoon rises (climbs a tree) before the dog. But *lotor* is out of the question. The raccoon does not wash everything he eats, as it is popularly believed. He doesn't wash. He *feels*. Everything he eats he rubs between his front paws to identify the nature of it. Sometimes he rubs it under water because the wet surface of the object under examination seems to give him a more accurate tactile sensation. He doesn't care whether it is muddy water or clear water.

The raccoon's acute sense of

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touch enables him in a high treetop to feel the approach of an enemy through vibrations in the tree trunk, limb or twig. But better than "feeler," I would call the coon the "adapter," because he has survived centuries of intelligent hunting on this continent and largely has held his own against the trapper, the gunman and the dog. His young have survived the owl, the bobcat, the mountain lion and all other predators.

THE raccoon, also a rugged American, marches on. Driven from his natural forest by ax-men and sawmills, he has found a new habitat many times in rock lodges and caves. He has nested in abandoned sawmills, the stronghold of his enemies, and in the hayloft of the farmer who sought him, feeding on the farmer's sweet corn while sleeping on his premises.

Valiant and wily (the Indians held him to be the most intelligent of animals) the raccoon still is not guiltless. He has cost farmers millions of dollars by raiding their cornfields, gardens and orchards, a fact which washes away some of the bloodstains of the chase.

Now, knowing something of the dog, the coon, and equipment, let us be off to the hunt. Whither? Off to the orchard, the back 40, the hills and fields of home, down any country road. I took a coon some time ago on the golf links of Yale University at the edge of New Haven.

Give the dogs their orders and unleash them. They scatter out, sniffing the dust, the dried leaves or the pine needles like professional perfume smellers. The men sit around a warm oil lantern (it isn't safe or legal to build fires any more) and talk and listen. Some smoke as they wait for the dogs to tell them the chase is on.

I may say here and now that it is a base canard, circulated by lonely housewives, that men go coon hunting as an escape—that they go out into the woods to pull at the red bottle and tell risqué stories. Tipplers are frowned upon.

A dog barks in the distance. "That's old Blue," says Antonio, the stonemason. "That's Raider," says Brownwall, the banker. All the dogs are barking now. It's everybody's dog. Everybody's dog has smelled out a coon. The hunters strike out toward the receding sound. The barking has risen to a melodious volume of baying. Then on over stones, through brush, over stream and gully, branches slapping them in the face, flashlights twinkling—on behind the rich

diapason of dog music—100 yards, a half mile, if necessary five or 20 miles move the coon hunters! Tired? Too excited! Cold? Steaming with the heat of exercise!

The circular shaft of an electric torch shines like a theatrical spotlight upon the principal actors in this drama—the lean hounds barking up a great pine tree, rising at the edge of a cliff. Milling red wraiths they are in the hazy light—ghostly and thrilling. The spotlight moves up the trunk, feeling each branch slowly for a small, round dark mass with two large glowing eyes.

"I shined him," yells Antonio. "I go up? No?"

Antonio throws off his padded canvas coat. Somebody below keeps the spotlight on the masked coon. Suddenly the dark mass and the luminous eyes have vanished



in the darkness around the spotlight.

"Where is he? No coon," calls the sweating Antonio.

Everybody flashes a light.

"No can find," screams Antonio.

The tree is covered with spotlights like swirling foam rings on moonlit waters.

"At the tiptop," shouts Bailey, the barber, who was well back. "I shined him at the peak."

All of the spotlights meander to the top of the pine where they merge like a bright star on a Christmas tree.

"He jumped," everybody screams at once.

The dark bundle has hurled itself from the treetop to the top of the cliff.

"Around the hill," rises the chorus. The dogs already have gone. They reach the top first, start baying on the scent. What a comedown. The quarry escapes at the moment of triumph. That's the sport. The men scramble up to the hilltop and go after the dogs.

Another charge through the woods and the men, baffled, stand at the edge of a wide creek, the dogs swirling around them, baying helplessly. Suddenly Jo Jo plunges into the water and goes swimming across, his bobbing dark head held in the halo of his master's torch.

"Smelled that scent on the wind," says Jo Jo's master proudly. "Wind brung it up from the water that flowed downstream."

That remark is scientifically if not grammatically sound. A good coon dog can do that.

But, look! Another dark head is bobbing in the halo on the creek. There is a threshing in the water. Then there is but one head. It looks like a coon's head. Has that coon drowned Jo Jo? A coon will do that. Climb right up on a dog's head in the water and bear him down until he drowns. The coon has no sinister intention; the dog is merely a lifeboat to him.

Jo Jo's master begins to curse the coon in a low voice. Then he begins a dry sob. Everybody withdraws and calls his dog, petting it in a sort of disinterested way, but holding it back so it won't repeat Jo Jo's exploit.

"Best dog there ever was," mutters Jo Jo's master. "I'll kill that coon."

But wait! The coon is coming this way, right to the feet of the hunters. And look who's doing the swimming. Jo Jo! Jo Jo is bringing the coon to shore. Jo Jo crawls growling up the muddy bank, the snarling coon on his head.

"I'll kill that coon," moans Jo Jo's master.

He does, using a .22 caliber target pistol.

A CHEER goes up. The dogs leap and bark. Jo Jo is in his master's arms.

"Who's got the scales? Biggest coon ever was."

Pete, the iceman, has swinging scales and we dangle up "Ole Ringtail." Twenty-seven pounds! Most coons weigh less than 20.

Well, that's the coon hunt for you. Of course, there are countless variations of the one I have just related, which was a bit strenuous for a man more than 40. Many hunts are swift and simple. The coon is treed after a brief chase and shot down. These days I often go hunting in my car, just cruise down a back country road with my dogs loping along in the glare of my headlights. My speed is about ten mph. When the hounds encounter a scent—usually it is that of a raccoon which has just crossed the road—they turn off and open

their racket. I park, hop out and follow. It isn't a lazy man's method; it's an older man's short-cut.

When the chase begins from a car, there is just as much chance for excitement as there is in the walk-all-the-way technique. The dogs still must pursue their quarry. Sometimes they overtake it and a fight ensues. The ragged ears and scarred face and shoulders of some old hounds testify to the fierce, sharp claws and teeth of an embattled raccoon. He is a doughty fighter, but he usually takes to a tree before the dogs overtake him.

THERE are innumerable variations to the theme, even though the chase is short and simple. Climbing for the coon always makes for thrills. If the coon can't be seen from the ground, one always climbs these days. Sometimes a greenhorn wants to chop down the tree. That isn't sporting. It's against the morals of the real coon hunter. A den tree, where coons live and propagate, is as sacred to the member of the coon cult as an oak was to a Druid. Keep the den trees and keep the coons.

I mustn't forget that dog of mine that could count. He treed five coons at once and kept barking up the trunk until the fifth had been shot down. We thought only one was up there.

There is another aspect to coon hunting that must be mentioned—field trials. More than 1,000 are held every year, one of the largest at Leafy Oaks, Kenton, Ohio, in September. It draws more than 20,000 people for a week of tent-and-trailer-camping, rejoicing, merry-making and betting on the dogs. The prizes in these trials run as high as \$3,000.

The field trial coon hound, however, is not necessarily a good hunter, so don't make the mistake of going to a field trial to buy a hunter. Field trial dogs are trained to catch cash, not coons. The trials simply are races along planted coon scent trails, and the trail is not complicated by the meanderings of a live coon or the intersection of scents of other animals, as in a real chase.

Let them tout other sports all they want to. I still say coon hunting is the greatest and rapidly becoming the most popular sport in America, and I say the most American sport. I am quite willing for one to change the first line of "America" to "My coon tree 'tis of thee."

If this be treason, make the most of it.



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Gold in Them Jeans

(Continued from page 29)

Honolulu miss told me at one of their evening fashion shows put on by several of the high school girls themselves. The local disc jockey was there to do the commentary on the show and make tape recording interviews for his radio program.

It sounds like an easy breeze to entice teen trade, but alas! The boss of a men's and boys' specialty shop is still walling about his one and only teen promotion. He ran a large ad, expecting to be mobbed by high school boys screaming for fake leopardskin vests, and didn't ring up a sale.

"Natch! We go for fads once in awhile, but we like to rassle them up ourselves instead of copying what the stores push our way," was how one young Californian explained it. In her crowd, the boys wear clumsy ski boots to class and the girls dye blond "skunk streaks" in their hair. But only a few miles away at another high school, the kids told me they wouldn't dream of such nonsense.

After surveying the buying habits of young Americans, Friendly Shoes of Nashville, Tenn., discovered that fashion trends depend largely on the locale. In the Northwest, for instance, kids buy more smoked elk leather shoes, whereas in the East they wear white buck. In some sections saddle shoes are more popular and in others brown loafers are the rage.

When the fluorescent painted neckties first appeared, some stores couldn't keep enough of them in stock, and yet in some towns, the "glo-ties" hardly made a glimmer among the teen trade. In other words, a wise merchant notes the fashion trends among his local teen customers and steers clear of fads the kids themselves did not originate.

Mrs. Alice Thompson, publisher of *Seventeen*, maintains that teen-agers are quite sensible and dignified young people when she says, "Girls who read *Seventeen* resent the juvenile approach which is strictly for the comic strips. Some retailers forget that the average American girl is married at 20, which makes her almost an adult customer. . . ."

Miss Sally Franklin, fashion coordinator and merchandiser for E. W. Edwards in Rochester, N. Y., has boosted that store's teen volume by organizing a Teen Age Board consisting of four represen-

tatives from each of the 15 local high schools.

"Our TAB girls meet for several hours in the teen department on Saturdays to discuss grooming, styling and even merchandising. This know-how is then passed on to their home economics classes with a big plug for Edwards. They all send their friends into the store. Every Christmas we give a mother-daughter luncheon for the TAB and present each girl with a gift. This may be perfume, a sweater, or a scarf," Miss Franklin said.

The TAB girls plan and help put on a yearly fashion show which is attended by nearly 1,000 girls. Bond's Fifth Avenue store in Manhattan combines its teen fashion show with an amateur talent contest, with a scholarship to a local dramatic school awarded to the winner.

Teen-age promotions needn't be confined to ready-to-wear stores alone. The fact that numerous industries and corporations are now building good will among the blue-jean trade might be some indication that it's worth while to cultivate these customers of tomorrow.

PUBLIC schools, once cool to commercial tie-ups, now seem to welcome lectures which educate rather than sell. Since the pressure cooker is standard equipment in most home economics classes, the films and demonstrators supplied by the National Pressure Cooker Company of Eau Claire, Wis., are welcomed by high school teachers. To put on such a promotion, the retailer simply applies to the factory after getting permission from the head of the high school home economics department.

"Most of our pressure cookers have been sold to mothers who heard about them through their teen-age daughters," Jules W. Lederer, an official of the company asserted. Since an estimated 60 per cent of America's teen-agers help with the family meals and 50 per cent make their own clothes, there is a great opportunity for promotions or contests for young home makers. The small retailer is in excellent position to put them on.

Let's go back to Rochester, N. Y., where Scheer's jewelry store stacked up publicity, customer good will, interest from future brides and numerous sales last August by sponsoring the debut concert of a young music student.

"It started when we thought of a promotional tie-up for a new silver pattern we were introducing," said Ed Manning, advertising manager

of the Gorham Company. Scheer's was selected for the promotion and it went over so well that the same plan will be tried in other jewelry stores.

The store agreed to sponsor the formal debut of Karen Keys, 19-year-old pianist from the Eastman School of Music. More than 800 invitations were mailed. Local newspapers covered the novel event and radio and TV joined in to give it wider publicity. Expenses included the invitations, posters, newspaper ads, and a rented piano.

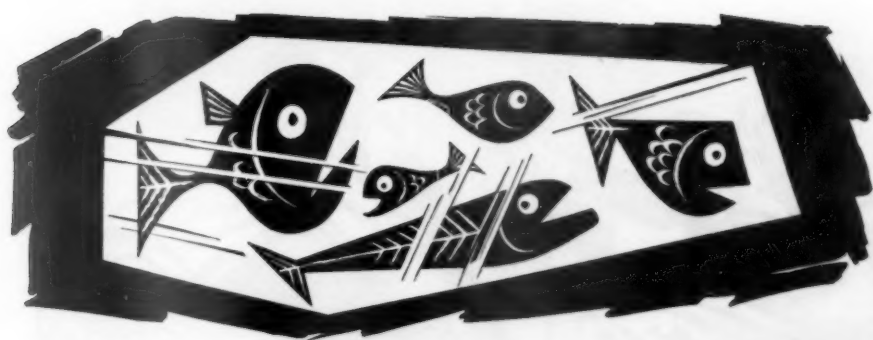
THIS plan for a youth promotion might be adapted to various types of retail stores. Expenses need cover only an announcement in a newspaper and a few gifts or prizes.

A camera shop might put on a yearly photography contest by contacting school authorities so that the project could be worked into class programs. The local newspaper could be asked to publish the winning photos selected at a judging held in the store. A Saturday afternoon dog show could be staged in the local park with a pet shop the likely sponsor and donator of simple prizes. Posters in the shop, newspaper ads, and contact with the schools is the way to create interest. The best advertisement, however, is the enthusiasm of the kids themselves.

A fashion designing contest is a natural for a dry goods store winding up with a fashion show to display the creations modeled by the young girls themselves. Athletic contests will generate interest among teen-age boys of any town. The sports department of your local newspaper may help.

In Battle Creek, Mich., kids worked for months making costumes and decorating their bicycles for a "Bike Parade" sponsored by the Kellogg Company, and when the show was on police had to hold back the crowds on Main Street. Expenses included a few newspaper announcements and new bikes for the winners!

Those who can't dream up a promotion or a contest for their teen-age customers have only to invite some of them in and ask what they'd like. They'll probably offer to run it. Teen-age promotions DO pay off, and the retailers who have been most successful have concentrated on appealing youth projects rather than the immediate ring of the cash register. That's the new angle in teen-age selling which many retailers have discovered. And most of them would admit that they're having as much fun as the kids!



good-by forked fish

THE next few years are expected to see the end of the present method of catching fish at sea, involving, as it does, icing, returning to port, hauling to filleting plants at the piers and thence into the freeze for cold storage.

Of these steps the most unforgivable is that which sees lumpers—men who haul fish from boat to filleting stores—using pitchforks to transfer fish from weighing boxes on the pier to lumper carts. Fork holes pierce the fish, and in hot weather it does not take long for myriads of flies to cover the carcasses.

The industry looks with disfavor upon this method of moving cargoes of hake, pollack, haddock and cod, and is therefore eyeing with great interest a development which will do away with the gory picture of a lumper forking a fish.

This change-over involves freezing "in the round," a new approach which means that trawlers can freeze fish at sea soon after the catch.

The new method is now having some of the more perplexing wrinkles ironed out by the Department of Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service, which has been experimenting since 1948.

The Atlantic Fishermen's Union is watching with an enthusiastic eye. Freezing in the round, say union officials, is a coming thing.

To say that the trade is behind government research is putting it mildly. The reason is that it means bringing in the best fish at all times, with no argument as to quality; unloading without fork holes; treating the public to superfresh fish. It means that the range of fishing vessels will be extended and their payloads increased.

George's Banks, off Boston, is being fished out. With refrigeration, vessels can go to the Grand Banks, 1,200 miles further away,

and catch greater quantities of fish. It will mean two weeks and more at sea, compared to average ten-day trips now. Processing plants at shore will be guaranteed even supplies while the present system means operating ashore at 50 to 60 per cent efficiency.

Thomas Rice of the Massachusetts Fisheries Association says freezing at sea will put the industry in a better position, competitively, with foreign fish importations, because of greater volume of catch, and fresher fish.

There are problems still to be worked out. Vessels now fishing were not made to freeze at sea. Conversion figures have been set at about \$60,000 per vessel, compared to \$500,000 for a new boat.

One trouble with icing down at sea, as compared to freezing, has been that in crashing around during rough weather, much of the fish at the bottom of the heap are nothing but jelly when the trip is over. The new system will do away with this spoilage.

At shore, tests have been made in thawing the fish, scaling, filleting and refreezing. In certain steps, such as scaling, there was found to be advantages in working with the round-frozen fish.

Freezing in the round at sea is not to be confused with efforts to operate a floating fish factory. The "Oceanlife," a government vessel, went to sea equipped to fish, fillet, weigh, freeze and store fillets.

The routine failed to prove feasible. Sufficient pay load was not possible, and filleters, who had to lunge at fish while rough seas pounded the vessel, found the going rough.

The trade does not look for much competition in Atlantic waters from vessels of this kind. Industry spokesmen still feel that the answer to their problem lies in freezing in the round.—A. F. Joy



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Tricks of the office burglar's trade

By KEITH MONROE

ONE Saturday afternoon a Wall Street office telephoned a New York locksmith with an anguished message: "We can't get our safe open! The combination has been mislaid. Will you come down and open it?"

The locksmith was Charles Courtney, considered one of the world's best, and he did not go out on small jobs, especially on Saturdays. "How big a safe is it?" he inquired. "And can't it wait till Monday?"

"No, no! There are records inside that we need right now. It's a big vault-type safe."

Mr. Courtney took a cab to the building. Most of its offices were closed and silent, he noticed, as he rode up in the elevator—but the firm that had phoned him was wide open and buzzing with activity. Two girls were typing, and the office manager was toiling at a desk heaped with papers. He showed Mr. Courtney where the safe was, and hustled back to his desk.

Mr. Courtney went to work. After a few minutes he put down his tools

with a discouraged sigh. "This is a tough one," he told the manager. "I'll have to go back for more tools."

"How long?" the manager asked briskly.

"Oh, maybe an hour."

The manager said he would wait. But when Mr. Courtney came back 15 minutes later with a policeman, the office was deserted.

"I had a hunch they were phony," he told the policeman. "There was a peculiar atmosphere about that office. Maybe it was the way the girls typed. After all, it's fairly interesting to watch a locksmith coax open a big safe, but these girls never gave me a glance. So when I went out, I asked the elevator boy if this office usually was open Saturdays. He said it never had been."

It was fortunate for the legitimate tenants that Mr. Courtney, through occasional exposure to the wiles of clever criminals who wanted him to pick other people's locks, had become a suspicious man.

However, there are several easy ways to rob an office without bothering to enlist the help of a locksmith. Melville E. Reeves, the "skyscraper burglar" of Chicago, who took more than \$1,000,000 before he was caught, told police, "If you roll up your sleeves and put a pencil behind your ear, you can rob any office without trouble."

He made this axiom pay off for 20 years. During the days, he visited offices—ostensibly as a fur-

niture polish salesman. Evenings he returned to whichever had looked most promising, and cleaned them out.

He had no trouble gaining nocturnal admission to the suites he selected. On the ground floor of the office building he signed a fictitious name to the after-hours registration sheet, then rode up with the night elevator man to any floor he chose. As soon as the elevator man had descended, Reeves either (a) picked the lock of the suite door, (b) persuaded a charwoman to open it with her passkey, on the pretext that he had mislaid his own key, or (c) scouted around until he found charwomen at work in one of the offices he had selected, then strode in through the open door, sat down at a desk and busied himself with papers until the women departed.

Once he got away with \$30,000 in bonds from the office safe of a company in Michigan City, Ind. Another time he took \$150,000 in government bonds. Finally he formed a partnership with "Honest John" Worthington, a broker who specialized in stolen securities. Worthington eventually went to prison when federal agents raided his office and found it crammed with gilt-edged plunder, but nothing could be proven against Reeves, and he went free.

Reeves finally retired and bought a chicken ranch northwest of Chicago. The depression wiped out most of his stolen fortune, so he went back to office burglaries, but

old age had caught up with him.

He was careless in wrapping a bundle of stolen goods before leaving an office in the Loop, and \$38 worth of postage stamps fell as he was leaving the building. He was arrested for petty theft. This time police were able to pin other, bigger burglaries on him; he went to Joliet Penitentiary, and died there in 1938.

Latter-day office thieves have improved Reeves' methods. The best of them seldom force open a safe, nor carry any loot out with them. They know easier ways.

Smart burglars can usually open a safe by turning the dial a few times. They don't exactly copy the mythical Jimmy Valentine, who was supposed to be able to open a safe by feeling and listening to the dial as he turned it, yet they get the same results. However, there are stockbrokers in New York who insist that they personally saw Mr. Courtney open a safe by touch alone; and there are cracksmen in prison who swear they saw Herb Wilson, the "King of the Safe-Crackers," perform this same feat.

THESE eyewitnesses are truthful, but mistaken. Mr. Courtney performed his miracle in the autumn of 1929, when a brokerage office asked him to unlock its safe. The president of the firm had wired from Florida, ordering the staff to sell all the securities in the safe before the market closed that day.

It was 1 p.m. and nobody knew the combination. The market closed at 3. Mr. Courtney sat for almost an hour at the president's desk, riffling through its drawers and glancing at papers, while the vice presidents urged him to get to work. Finally Mr. Courtney walked over to the safe, spun its dial three times, and the door swung open.

The firm paid him the largest single fee he had ever received for an hour's work because the stocks were sold just before the market crashed, and a fortune was saved. He had found a memo slip in the desk—a double column of figures neatly added with a dollar sign in front of the total. He surmised that this was the combination to the safe, and he was right.

Mr. Courtney knew, as many burglars do, that people seldom entrust a safe combination solely to memory. They jot it down in small, inconspicuous figures on a nearby wall, calendar, or memo pad. They put it on a slip of paper in a desk drawer. Or they put it in a folder in the filing cabinet, feeling sure no thief will ever think to look there.

This is why every expert burglar,



Luckily for us our safe was cracked

*When we checked over its contents
we discovered a much larger "hidden" loss*

(Typical of what could happen in any office)

When yeggs blew our safe they gave it such a heavy charge that our accounting records came out of the blast in pretty bad shape.

Our regular bookkeeper was home sick at the time, so we had to go to work ourselves on the job of straightening things out. That's how it happened that we discovered some alarming discrepancies—evidence that a trusted employee had

gotten away with thousands of dollars of our firm's money.

What made this discovery such a stroke of luck for us was this: *we caught it in time.*

Our Blanket Fidelity Coverage was sufficient to cover the loss that had already occurred. But if we had not caught the embezzler when we did, we might have suffered heavily.

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when confronted by a safe or a dial padlock (in homes as well as offices), begins by searching the room for a likely looking set of numbers. Many burglaries which were diagnosed as "inside jobs" actually have been the work of observant outside thieves.

For getting the loot out of the office after the safe is open, up-to-date thieves carry with them a supply of envelopes, stamped and self-addressed. They steal only currency, checks and negotiable securities which will fit into the envelopes. These they drop in the hall chute, and walk out with no incriminating evidence on their persons.

Before doing this, however, they make a point of going through desks and filing cabinets, knowing that many firms, in a naïve attempt to outsmart thieves, keep bonds and cash and other valuables in such places instead of the safe.

Office burglaries are far from rare. In Los Angeles, for example, there were 817 of them last year, with a total loss of \$85,497. The commonest targets were doctors' and dentists' offices, where crooks knew they were likely to find narcotics and gold as well as the commoner forms of wealth. Other favorite victims were labor union offices and welfare agencies.

Anyone who ever works late hours in an office building knows that night janitors and cleaning women seldom keep a sharp watch for wrongdoers. A businessman who stays at his desk after midnight usually has to push the night bell for many minutes, before he can raise anybody to take him down in the elevator when he's ready to leave.

On a Sunday night or at the tail end of a three-day week end, when there probably have been no tenants or cleaning women in the building for 24 hours or more, the skeleton staff is even harder to arouse. Consequently burglars find much easier pickings in an office building than they do in homes or apartments.

It isn't uncommon, therefore, for thieves to ransack a whole building, going systematically from one floor to another. (Forty-two per cent of office burglaries occur during week ends.)

There was a case in New York in 1949 when a team of burglars invaded an office building at Broadway and 52nd Street on a Saturday night. They ransacked 50 offices on eight floors. Then, after the robbery was discovered and reported Sunday morning, they returned that night and went

through the ninth or top floor. Their haul totaled about \$10,000.

Sometimes burglars grow so bold that they keep returning to the same business district. New York police were perplexed by the "Phantom Burglars" of Seventh Avenue, who repeatedly ransacked business establishments in that area and ran their total take up to \$250,000 in merchandise and money. They apparently never touched the locks on the doors. The police therefore theorized that these were inside jobs—but the hypothesis wore thin when six firms in the same block were looted the same night.

Finally detectives consulted Barney Zion, locksmith of the Empire State building. He studied the doors with a magnifying glass. "They drilled these with a bit

1/20,000 inch in diameter," he announced, pointing to a tiny fleck above a keyhole. "They shoved a needle through, and held the tumblers up as they worked at them through the keyhole." His solution sent Fred and William McLaren, two of America's slickest office burglars, to Sing Sing Prison.

In addition to such master criminals as Reeves, Wilson and the McLarens, there are hundreds of cruder crooks who make a living from clumsy slapdash styles of office thievery. Safecracking is still their favorite technique, because of the number of old safes to be found in business offices. However, a sizable number of burglars prefer to take typewriters, adding machines and checkwriters, since these are easy to sell for good prices.

Then, too, holdup men are dis-



They learn from kids

WHO decides what a child's doll will look like? One large doll manufacturer, the Effanbee Doll Company of New York City goes to the customer to get the answer to this question. It invites girls just coming of school age to visit the factory and inspect new patterns.

Four times a year planning committee meetings are held with one or more of these mite-size industrial consultants in attendance.

Upon the young consultants' replies hinges the fate of any new doll. The company's offi-

cers have learned that they can assure better sales if they turn out products that the children like.

They have found that youngsters from two to four like cuddlesome soft dolls. As they grow older the girls like dolls that do things. Girls approaching their teens like ones which they can "mother," ones which can be dressed and cared for. Generally girls stop playing with dolls at the age of ten, but new improvements make the dolls attractive to them even past that age.

covering that they can walk into almost any building in mid-evening, catch some business executive alone in his office, and make him open the safe at gunpoint.

The smoothest, toughest holdup men pull their jobs during office hours. They telephone an executive and wangle an appointment. Once alone with him, they produce revolvers and start telling him what to do: "First open the safe, and give us what's in it. Now get your checkbook. Let's see what the balance is. All right, make out a check for that amount. Now then, just relax. One of us will stay here with you while the other goes down to the bank and cashes the check."

HOW can business firms protect themselves? Police say that office buildings need tighter restrictions. Anyone entering or leaving after hours should be required to produce valid identification, janitors and cleaning women ought to be briefed on burglars' tricks, and rewards offered them for help in catching thieves. Antiquated safes should be replaced by modern ones, and if anything of value is kept in the office it ought to be protected by burglar-alarm wires.

As for daylight holdups, one protection is a push button which the executive can touch with his foot. It need only connect with his secretary's desk in the outer office. If his secretary understands that three buzzes (the world-wide immemorial signal for help) mean a dangerous emergency, he'll always be able to summon help in a tight spot.

Another essential protection, of course, is insurance coverage. Many firms think they're insured against more types of thievery than they really are. A safe-burglary policy, for example, will pay off if the safe is forced open, but not if a burglar finds the combination written down somewhere. For that, a money-and-securities policy is the answer. But this in turn may not cover the man who is forced to write a check, or who walks in to find that his typewriters have been stolen. A broker's blanket bond is the best coverage for such coups, although it is usually available only to financial institutions and investment brokers. For the general run of businesses, the answer is probably an office burglary-and-robber policy, or open stock burglary insurance, and a forgery bond.

If the average holds true, burglars will invade an office in your city before next week end is over. Is your office ready for them?



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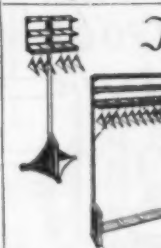
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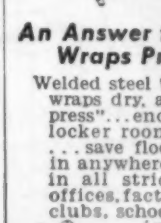
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The Opportunity is Magnificent

(Continued from page 26)

homes—will not expand to fill the gap, but will decline because plant capacity is now more than ample and the demand for homes has been largely filled.

The optimist believes that this view underestimates the demand within our enormous economy—a mistake that has persisted in business circles ever since the close of the war. The demand for new housing units shows no sign of abating, and we have not yet even started to feel the impact of the demand for better housing which, before long, will press upon the construction industry. Few families will long be content with the narrow quarters afforded by many homes which have been built in recent years and which must be enlarged when families grow and grow up. This demand for new construction will be added to the requirements for new units, which should not fall below 1,000,000 per year for several years to come.

Investment for new plant and equipment also has two aspects. Up to this time, new investment has been for the purpose of enlarging capacity to meet growing market demand. Investment for this purpose will continue in substantial volume. It will occur even in the industries which are supposed to have productive capacity in excess of demand. The aggressive, enterprising firm always plans to capture more of the market. Even in the 1930's, when industrial plant

capacity was two and three times the market demand, the volume of new investment was surprisingly large.

Here also, a different source of new investment programs will probably acquire the greater importance. Relatively little progress has been made in modernizing the older industrial plant. The recent great strides in technology have been exploited in new construction but not in the replacement of obsolescent equipment in older factories. The situation will become even more untenable as technological advance continues.

THE businessman who is reluctant to scrap equipment in favor of more efficient machines will surely find himself under increasing pressure. He will be caught in a scissors, facing increasing labor costs on the one side and, on the other, an increasingly competitive market. He will not be able to raise his prices to compensate for his increased cost of production because many of his competitors will have more modern equipment and lower production costs. The answer to his problem will be plain, and the abundance and cheapness of capital will encourage him to act. When labor costs are high and rising, capital is cheap, and markets are strongly competitive, the installation of labor-saving equipment will proceed apace.

In a free economy it is not possible to arrange a neat schedule of

economic changes and to guarantee stability by having one factor rise as another declines. The weakening of some elements in the economy, which so many fear, may not appear at all in 1953; it may appear but the compensating movements may be delayed; or the existing sources of demand for goods and services may continue unimpaired while the new sources also become active.

It is entirely possible that in 1953 we shall experience a recession or a renewed inflation, or that the economic situation will be stable. But certainly a recession is not the most likely prospect when we consider the kind of economic changes which have been discussed.

The real danger lies in an economic condition of very different character. In midyear, many important labor agreements expire or become open to renegotiation. Labor will believe that it has a good case for wage increases, because the cost of living will have risen since the contracts were made and at least the items of rent and utility services will probably still be rising.

The strategy labor will adopt cannot be foreseen. Discussions in business journals since the election indicate that many businessmen think that labor will now be less aggressive. The reverse may be the case.

Labor is always suspicious that business managers never abandon hope that conditions will arise which will enable them to "put labor in its place." If labor leaders come to believe in 1953 that management has any such purpose, they may decide that labor must act while there is full employment and high production, and must demonstrate that its economic power is great enough to give it protection, whatever the political climate may be. A bitter conflict may arise, with a wave of strikes.

Under some special conditions, strikes are inflationary. Under the conditions prevailing in 1953, they would be deflationary and might easily induce a serious recession which could not be forestalled by government action in any field except that of labor relations.

THE hypothesis that consumers' income in a fully employed economy provides an adequate base for continued prosperity, upon which so much weight has been placed in this discussion, must meet the challenge that consumers' needs for specific goods can actually be supplied in full, and that there-



after the production of those goods and the employment that produced them must be reduced. Those who are pessimistic about future prosperity bear down heavily upon this point.

They refer to future market demand for automobiles, refrigerators, and other durable household articles, as well as apparel, to illustrate the argument.

Here again the capacity of our economic system is underestimated.

It is the main function of the enterpriser to organize and direct our resources toward an ever improving standard of living. This means, on the material side, an ever increasing flow of goods and services to consumers. In our free system, our enterprisers do not content themselves with vigorous participation in the competitive struggle which reduces market price, attracts buyers who were previously not able to make purchases and thereby permits the en-



largement of conventional production.

The greater opportunity for profit and for the growth which is just as dear as profit to the businessman's heart is to be found in offering new kinds of goods and new kinds of services to consumers whose needs for familiar articles and services have been filled.

The articles described in most of the pages of family magazines today had no place in the advertising at the beginning of the century because they did not exist. This revolution will now move even more rapidly.

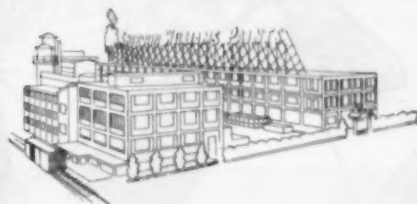
American enterprise need only come forward with new products to exploit a market multiplied many times in size. Technology advances at a feverish pace and capital is abundant and cheap.

We may have all the familiar goods we can use, but American business is not going to languish when the opportunity is so magnificent to make new goods for new markets.

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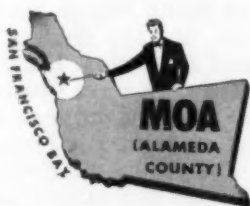
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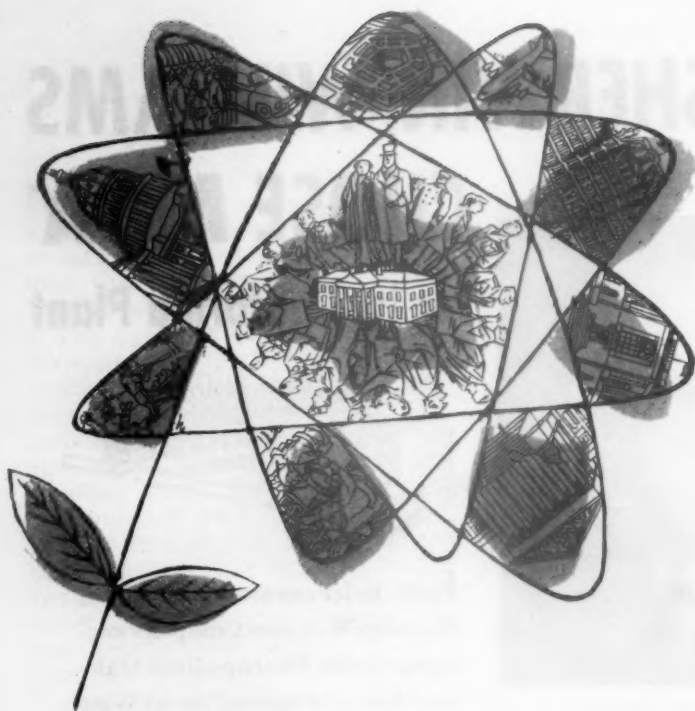
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Elections always change

Washington, but not since 1933

has the political, economic

and social life of the nation's

capital been shaken by

The end of an era

By BEN PEARSE

HISTORICALLY, shake-ups are not unusual in Washington's biggest industry. Everyone knew that this month the city would face such upheaval as would accompany appointment of a brand-new cabinet and attendant changes in the executive branch of government.

Yet the town was not completely ready for—in fact, at first did not completely realize—the impact of last Nov. 4. The reason for the unpreparedness was simple. Raymond P. Brandt, chief of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* Washington bureau, summed it up in the National Press Club where tired correspondents gathered to recharge their batteries after the ballots were counted.

"It's the end of an era," he said.

Among those who heard him say it—and among Washingtonians generally—were many people who had never seen the end of an era. Not, in fact, since Franklin Delano Roosevelt became President in 1933 had Washington's political, social and economic life been so shaken up.

In that 20 years not only the population but the town itself has changed a great deal.

A hypothetical Republican who left Washington with former Pres. Herbert Hoover and returned for the inauguration of Dwight D. Eisenhower would scarcely know the place. For that matter, even the inauguration date is changed.

The White House, Capitol and Treasury stand where they did 20 years ago, but the shacks, lumber yards and one-story frame buildings in between have given way to the Mall and the imposing buildings that make up the Federal Triangle. The House of Representatives still has the same number of members but they need twice as much office space. The gingerbread palace, once big enough to house the State, War and Navy Departments, is now an annex to the White House office, while the State Department now has several buildings of its own and the Pentagon is already too small for the Department of Defense.

But it is the changes which now take place inside those buildings which will have their repercussions on Washington's way of life.

When President Eisenhower walks into his office in the west wing of the White House on the morning of Jan. 21, he will find his

desk piled high with resignations already being collected from appointees of his predecessors. In neat stacks will be arranged the departing salutations of Cabinet officers, heads of more than 50 independent agencies, boards, commissions and bureaus; ambassadors, undersecretaries, assistant secretaries; department and bureau chiefs, perhaps as many as 2,000 altogether. Practically all of them will be accepted as fast as circumstances permit.

Immediately below these top-level posts lies another stratum within what might be called the "policy-making bracket." Included are some 3,000 jobs in Washington, more elsewhere. They pay from \$10,000 to \$18,000 a year and are covered by Civil Service, but are of sufficient importance for a new official to want them filled by someone in whom he has personal confidence. While Civil Service regulations theoretically protect these jobs, it is not against the regulations to abolish the job or create a new one calling for different qualifications to fit a different candidate.

As early as a week after the election some of these people were al-

ready job hunting in Washington.

With such a turnover as this added to the exodus and arrival of congressmen and their suites, hardly anyone in Washington escapes some manifestation of change. Old friends are leaving town. Merchants lose customers, professional men lose clients, teachers lose students, real estate men scurry about, new arrivals hunt for homes in a town where a recent Federal Housing Administration survey showed the lowest apartment vacancy rate in the country. Moreover, fewer people will be leaving town than will be coming in.

NOT the least concerned with personnel changes are the representatives of foreign nations who make Washington the most cosmopolitan city in the world. More countries are represented here than at United Nations headquarters in New York City and, to these visiting diplomats, military men, economics experts and others, what Congress does—especially to appropriation and tariff bills—is of supreme importance.

So far as the social life is concerned, Washington hostesses face new complications. Although Mrs. Carolyn Hagner Shaw, who pontificates on Washington society in general, announced when her Social List came out last September that subscribers would receive a supplement in February, some difficult questions still remain.

Among these is the question of protocol. Since most of the social functions of sufficient size or significance to be reported in the society columns are given by or for government officials, this can be a matter of real concern.

Washington's acknowledged society leader is the man who lives at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. An invitation from him takes precedence over any other and, at any function he attends, his place is the head of the table.

That much is understood. But after that the wise hostess lets herself be guided by a kind of international etiquette that dictates such vital matters as seating at a dinner table, places in reception lines, and a host of similar life and death trivia. Speaking generally, the order of precedence descends step by step from the President to the Vice President, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, foreign ambassadors, Speaker of the House, Secretary of State, foreign ministers, associate justices of the Supreme Court, other cabinet officers, senators and representatives,

the military, heads of other executive departments and so on down through distinguished guests.

The Senate and House have their own methods of teaching congressional protocol. Before the opening session of each new Congress, House newcomers receive instruction in such fundamentals as where to get their paychecks, and the niceties of parliamentary procedure. Commenting on it, Speaker Sam Rayburn once confided to a friend: "The course in how to rise and seek recognition from the chair is fine. But not enough attention is paid to how to sit down."

Congressmen's wives are initiated into the mysteries of official life by helpful members of the Congressional Club, a nonpartisan social organization. But even after many years in the capital, many hostesses are likely to rely on John F. Simmons, the State Department's chief of protocol, for the last word on official decorum.

Socially, members of Congress, for example, are ranked not by party affiliation but by seniority. Cabinet members rank according to the date their department was established.

As ever-present at these official



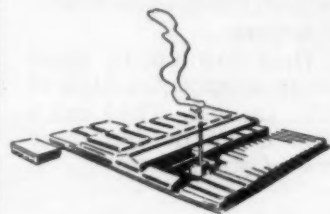
**Whether it's
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Strict requirements—unusual demands—are regularly specified for telescopic canopy doors. Such entrances must frequently function in extreme conditions of dust, wind, snow, sleet and low temperatures. Single sections—or the entire expanse—must operate regardless of outside conditions.

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functions as protocol are the waiters. They don't make much impression at first. But after a few rounds of parties, they begin to look more and more familiar, more so eventually, as a cabinet member once observed, than many of the guests. The explanation is that the four caterers who handle most of the diplomatic affairs, debutante parties and weddings rely entirely on an exclusive organization known as the Association of Pri-

vate Waiters. Until recently, one of the requisites for membership was two years' apprenticeship as a butler or manservant in a private home.

The foreign accents are authentic. Many of the waiters came to this country in the service of foreign diplomats in years past. All speak of food in the international culinary language, French, and can be trusted not to serve a crepe suzette after the soup.

Like everything else in Washington the social life has changed in the past two decades. Only a couple of years ago while the White House was undergoing repairs, Mrs. Perle Mesta, now minister to Luxembourg, and Mrs. Morris Cafritz, wife of a prominent real estate man, were vying—the society reporters said—for the title of Washington's No. 1 hostess. Their guest lists at the time numbered fewer than 300 names. In the old days Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, entertaining in the fabulous Walsh mansion, or in her 40 acre estate "Friendship," frequently had that many at a small dinner with 1,500 at a reception afterward. Now the Walsh mansion with its tapestried walls, mahogany woodwork and gold-leaf carvings is the Indonesian Embassy and Friendship is the site of a vast garden apartment project.

Gone, too, are the afternoons-at-home and the interminable business of leaving calling cards—Mrs. William Howard Taft is said to have set a record with 72 calls in one afternoon.

Replacing them is the cocktail party, which was not invented but grew out of the simple necessity for seeing a lot of important people in a hurry. There are not enough hours in the working day to discuss all the problems that busy officials frequently need to discuss. For this reason, one of the first things that impresses newcomers about the capital's social whirl is the seriousness that underlies the gaiety. Casual acquaintances from a cocktail party sometimes bob up a day or two later with an ax to grind, nevertheless few who work for government or deal with government officials can avoid attending these functions—a phenomenon which led Henry Trilling, veteran capital caterer, to remark:

"In the old days a host served one cocktail and a 12-course dinner. Now it's the other way round."

Little of the subsurface confusion will be apparent to those who come to Washington to join the 500,000 that Inaugural Chairman Joseph C. McGarraghy estimates will witness the inaugural ceremonies. Washington will seem like a magic city where life is just one breathless moment after another. The aura of history will hang heavy in the air.

For those who are coming to stay and be part of the first new regime in 20 years, the aura of history will fade after a while. They will find that Washington is the most expensive city in the country to live in, according to figures compiled

A lady who beribbons show horses



ELLA NICKOL'S prospective customer had a problem. "We of the Congressional Horse Show want something different in the way of prize ribbons," he said. "Something horsemen will be proud to display in their trophy rooms. Can you help?"

"Congressional," Ella mused. "Why not prize ribbons with a sketch of the Capitol on them? That would be appropriate. It has never been done, and such ribbons would be distinctive in the best trophy room."

The man smiled admiringly. "I knew you'd have an idea," he said. "And a good one." And he gave an order.

She had a copper die made bearing a likeness of the Capitol which she stamped on Congressional Show ribbons. They created much favorable comment, made many friends for her, and brought additional orders.

Ella Nickol has been operating like that since 1937. At that time Washington's Riding and Hunt Club, of which she had been secretary for 15 years, went out of business. With its demise, her job vanished.

Business was not exactly flourishing in 1937. But that did not worry her too much. Instead of asking any one for a

job, she tailored one to her own specifications—in the basement of her home.

She had two qualifications. She knew the horse show business and she could sew. She decided to make ribbons for horse show prize winners. There is an annual demand for thousands of such ribbons in the United States alone.

She invested in modest amounts of red, yellow, white, blue, and green satin ribbon of suitable width and a piece of gas pipe, one end sharpened to cut the scalloped rosettes.

The ribbon was cut and sewed by hand, then pressed. The products looked professional. Horsemen liked the ribbons.

Orders increased until Ella found she must have help or turn down business. She talked the matter over with Fred, her husband. He quit his job and went to work with her.

The Nickols bought an electric stamper—the only machine they use in their business—which labels each ribbon in gold letters.

Now they are up to their necks in an unexpected kind of delightful trouble. They can't meet the demands for their products.—OMER HENRY

for the budget of a family of four. The District of Columbia has a higher per capita income than any state in the union, but it also has the distinction of paying the highest per capita tax bill.

Despite pleasant spring and fall seasons, Washingtonians seldom brag about the climate. The winters can be wet, the summers usually hot and humid.

Yet, people like living in Washington and the newcomers will, too. For politicians—it is the ultimate goal. For some it offers an opportunity for public service. One official of independent means, who left a lucrative consulting practice in the Southwest to head a little-publicized government division at \$14,800 a year, put it this way:

"Somebody had to do this job. They asked me and here I am. I don't expect to get away until it's finished."

Washington offers many of the advantages of a big city, theaters, concerts, art galleries, the largest library in the world, and major league baseball and football. Yet there is enough of the small town about it to make people from small towns feel at home.

THERE is a common touch, too, about the capital's most glittering social affairs. No \$25,000-a-year lawyer anywhere else commands the respect that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court does in Washington. At inaugural functions, much of the formal attire is rented. Many officials who invite more than a dozen or so to their homes call on a caterer for the extra dishes and silverware.

Above all, the majority of Washingtonians—like the majority of people anywhere else—do their work and go home or to the movies or play bridge just as people do in every city in the country.

But even they, right now, are a little envious of Tom Cole, the capital's indispensable doorman. Serving at most of the important official functions, he needs to know by name hundreds of prominent figures who make up Washington's list of VIPs. He has never, history says, embarrassed a host by calling the wrong car for a departing guest. His system is simple. If there is any doubt in his mind as to an arriving guest's identity, he gives him a check. But he recently handled an important affair at a foreign embassy, opening the doors of more than 100 limousines and gave only three checks.

At this moment, any Washingtonian would pay well for such a memory.



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I was swimming
in Maine"**



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This is the great American distribution machine, working with matchless efficiency through its synchro-mesh transmission . . . distributors and wholesalers, jobbers, brokers, special agents, retailers . . . the transportation and packaging people, and all the rest. It gives us service and lower prices. It gives us selection and quality. It has made the consumer king and queen.

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Nation's Business is just a step down the hall from these distribution specialists. Naturally their knowledge is priceless in checking editorial material for validity and realistic usefulness. After all, what's a neighbor for?

Multiply these resources many times by the other specialized departments of the Chamber, and you'll see why *your* magazine is so unique . . . so reliable and so readable to 800,000 paying fans. And, we should add, so sturdy an advertising medium.

mass coverage of business management



The GI's Day in Court

(Continued from page 37)

was governor of Rhode Island in 1937-38 and was the presiding justice of the criminal division in his state's supreme court when he was called to his present post. During the war, Judge Quinn was the legal officer for the First Naval District and was an adviser to the late James V. Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy, on extraterritorial problems in the Pacific. Judge George W. Latimer, 51, was chief of staff of the 40th Infantry Division which fought from Guadalcanal to the Philippines. He later sat on the Utah supreme court bench. Judge Paul W. Brosman, 53, former dean of Tulane University Law School, was chief of the Air Force's military justice division in World War II. As recently as two years ago he was recalled to active duty as a reserve officer to serve as deputy judge advocate of the Continental Air Command.

THE administration of military justice poses a ticklish dilemma which confronts judges in no other legal areas. They must weigh two concepts which often are in direct conflict. It is a paradox of our times that men charged with preserving our freedoms must surrender some of their own civil liberties to conform to the exigencies of military discipline. Our concept of justice stems from centuries of practices and traditions under English common law which have produced what we regard as inalienable rights. But we know that military expediency demands rigid control over those rights to maintain the discipline that distinguishes an army from an armed mob. How many concessions can we make to discipline without losing the democratic principles we are trying to safeguard?

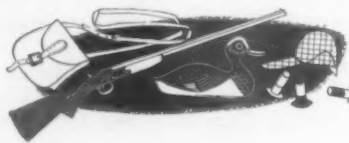
"One of our principal problems," Judge Brosman says, "is striking the proper balance between the justice element and the military element. We can't solve it simply by giving the accused the benefit of every possible doubt. There are times when military considerations of necessity are the overriding factors in a case. It is essential for the public to remember that military service takes place in an abnormal social situation governed by limitations growing out of the realities and necessities of military operations. It is hard to do more than generalize here, for each case in-

volves considerations peculiar to itself."

The House report on the new Uniform Code of Military Justice hardly was exaggerating in stating that the Code "contains the most revolutionary changes which have ever been incorporated in our military law." Drastic reforms were long overdue in the system copied from the British during the Revolutionary War and which saw few significant modifications until World War II. Legal procedure in American and foreign armed forces was described by some as "drum-head justice," a term derived from the old custom of conducting a court-martial around an upturned drum during battle.

There probably was justification for swift, severe punishment in medieval times when loot and rape were the chief objectives of jailbirds, mercenaries and cutthroats who comprised military forces. The character of armies and navies changed with the introduction of conscription in the nineteenth century, a period of liberal social advances, but military discipline still was geared to the practices of former years.

Superior officers literally had the



power of life and death over their men. During the Civil War, the son of Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, was hanged by the Navy for mutiny immediately after his shipboard trial. It is not difficult to imagine the injustices inherent in a system that could not permit even a cabinet member's son to appeal a death sentence. Thirteen soldiers were convicted of mutiny and homicide in Texas as late as 1917 and were executed without any appeal to the Judge Advocate General.

World War I, exposing 3,000,000 civilians to the summary nature of courts-martial justice, led to loud agitation for an overhauling of military law. There was public criticism over the lack of effective machinery for appealing severe penalties and, as a result, boards were established to review cases carrying disciplinary discharges and penitentiary sentences of a year or more.

Having gained that and other reforms, public interest again lapsed until World War II brought a tremendous increase in courts-martial and widespread publicity of alleged miscarriages of justice.

The chief criticism leveled at the system was the pressure of command influence. The high-ranking officer who appointed the members of a court-martial was often more concerned with enforcing discipline than with the fine points of the law. As the convening authority, he had first review of a case and if he was determined to make an example of the offender to discourage similar violations he could order retrials until he got the conviction and sentence he wanted.

He was, in effect, the chief of police and judge of first appeal. He chose the officers who prosecuted, defended and acted as trial judge. For good measure, he held a trump card in the fitness reports he made on subordinates. Promotions are predicated on these reports and a young lieutenant bucking for a captaincy might be unduly swayed by the wishes of the "Old Man." So far as appeals were concerned, some reviewing officers tended to go far in approving convictions.

"In fairness to the military," Judge Latimer says, "it should be pointed out that excessive sentences frequently were reduced sharply by review and clemency boards. It's also significant that enlisted men rarely exercise the right, granted them since 1948, of having GIs comprise one third the members of their courts-martial. Officers are more lenient than GIs, who are inclined to throw the book at offenders of regulations they conform to themselves. A great deal of progress has been made in the past two years, but there still is a long way to go before we can be satisfied that every man in uniform has been given a fair trial."

IN THE meantime, C.M.A. is cracking down on every manifestation of command influence that comes to its attention. In May, 1951, Pfc. Bernard G. Gordon was charged with burglarizing the homes of Lt. Gen. Idwal H. Edwards and Brig. Gen. Morris J. Lee at Bolling Field, Washington, D. C. General Lee, the commandant of the base, appointed a court-martial to try Private Gordon for the burglary of General Edwards' home, and Private Gordon was sentenced to a dishonorable discharge and five years at hard labor. C.M.A. held that General Lee had a personal interest in the case since the accused also burglarized his

home and that he was disqualified to convene the court and should have transferred the case to a superior authority. The Air Force dismissed the charges against Private Gordon on April 17, 1952.

LIKE other appellate courts, C.M.A.'s jurisdiction extends only to questions of law. It does not have the power to reweigh evidence or change a sentence. Its principal function is to insure that each accused receives the benefits of all protection afforded by the Uniform Code. Although a conviction automatically is reviewed by the convening authority and the Judge Advocate General, C.M.A. often finds legal errors not discovered by those officers. A typical example of the judges' insistence on strict adherence to correct procedures was the McConnell case, now widely known.

Pfc. Warren G. McConnell, found guilty of sleeping on watch at a front-line post in Korea on Nov. 14, 1951, was sentenced to a dishonorable discharge and ten years at hard labor. Believing that Private McConnell was unjustly convicted, 600 people in Alloway, N. J., his home town, raised a fund to hire a private attorney to appeal the case. Their sympathy was aroused by Private McConnell's statement made after the trial—but not given by him at the trial—that he had gone without sleep for 72 consecutive hours, and that he had a sleeping bag over his head to keep out the intense cold and was not asleep as charged. This statement, not in the record, could not be considered by C.M.A. The record revealed that Private McConnell and his counsel had been excluded from a closed session the law officer held with members of the court-martial to discuss the sentence that could be imposed. The procedure was prohibited by the new Code. The Court of Military Appeals held that the conference was a clear-cut legal error prejudicial to the accused.

The new Uniform Code of Military Justice—one of the few phases of unification really working—establishes other safeguards of individual rights in addition to C.M.A. It forbids double jeopardy, compulsory self-incrimination and provides for a pretrial investigation at which the accused and his counsel can cross-examine witnesses. The law officer of a general court-martial and counsel for both sides have to be lawyers and if they are not available at an isolated post, the proceedings must be transferred to an installation where such personnel are available.

Although word is just beginning to circulate through the service grapevine that a GI can get a square shake from C.M.A., it already is carrying a heavier work load than the Supreme Court and the busiest federal court of appeal. The three judges, who hold open sessions twice a week in Washington, are working 12 hours a day to keep up with the calendar which, according to present indications, will hit 2,000 cases a year. C.M.A. is required by law to review any case involving:

1. A death sentence.
2. An offense committed by an admiral or a general.
3. A request by the Judge Advocate General for clarification or interpretation of a decision to establish precedents and uniform application of military law.

In the case of United States vs. Bennie D. Ponds, U. S. Navy, the court put an end to an abuse that had cost many enlisted men \$5,000 apiece, the estimated value of an honorable discharge in veterans'

rights and pensions. Many servicemen, sentenced to a year in the brig and a bad conduct discharge, were told the jail sentence would be suspended if they accepted the discharge and waived their right of appeal to C.M.A. That deal often was grabbed by boys in Korea who wanted out and didn't particularly care how they got out.

Bennie Ponds, who signed one of these waivers, changed his mind and asked C.M.A. to review his case. The court wrote a strongly worded opinion, severely condemning the use of these waivers by the services and holding that no man could waive his right to appeal the decision of a lower court.

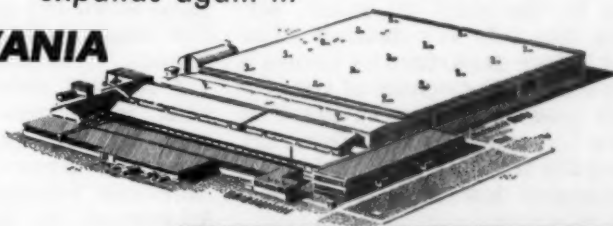
"We would be serving a valuable purpose even if we never handed down an opinion," Judge Latimer says. "The very fact that we are authorized to review cases has a tendency to require the armed services to improve their trial standards and more nearly approach the civilian concepts of a fair and just trial."

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FRANK N. PIASECKI, chairman of the board of Piasecki Helicopter Corp., says: "Our location in Eastern Pennsylvania is ideal. We are centrally located for frequent contact with our military customers and enjoy the best of ground and air transportation. Our company is pleased with the supply of highly skilled workers and our employees, in turn, are happy with living facilities in the area."

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

JOHN S. FINE, Governor ANDREW J. SORDONI, Secretary of Commerce



THREE LIONS

Big Boom on the Briny

(Continued from page 45)

with a book without being aware of anything more than a noise in the distance. The cruise program is designed purposely so that it never bothers those who want merely peace and relaxation.

Despite the thousands of people he has escorted to hundreds of ports in the past 20 years, Mr. Smith has left few behind. The night before departure he names a night club in the center of the city where passengers are to meet as sailing time approaches. "Don't try to find the ship," he cries. "Just go there and sit down. We'll find you."

AN HOUR before sailing time, he and his staff make a fast tour around town, following a trail kept warm for them by local bartenders and policemen who tell them where they saw the last passenger heading. As the ship's whistle blasts a final warning, they pick up the last straggler and race back to the pier.

Mr. Smith is also alert for emergencies. Last year he and Mr. Liman teamed up neatly in an example of public relations and salesmanship which the lines have come to specialize in. While steaming north through the Caribbean toward Havana, the *Nieuw Amsterdam* had engine trouble. Mr. Smith was informed by the captain that the Havana stop would have to be canceled and the vessel headed back to New York.

Quickly, he held a series of radio-telephone conferences with Mr. Liman in New York. Before the passengers could begin to grumble, Mr. Smith announced that to make up for missing Havana the line was refunding eight per cent of the passage money and giving an extra day's cruising at sea free.

He then launched a round of parties with free champagne and dancing that set off so much gaiety that the return trip was a huge success. The passengers spent most of the \$40,000 of refund money in the ship's shops and bars before they reached New York and then came down the gangplank singing the praises of the line to their friends.

A similar emergency was met with equal resourcefulness this year by the Moore-McCormack Line. Its *Uruguay*, carrying 300 American vacationists and South Americans to Brazil, developed propeller trouble a few hundred miles south of New York.

A report was flashed back to the home offices which directed the ship to head for Newport News, Va. Within a few hours, a trouble-shooting party along with public relations people had left by plane with a satchel full of cash for passengers who might want to cancel the trip. When the *Uruguay* limped into port the passengers were greeted with buses waiting to take them on a sightseeing trip to nearby colonial Williamsburg. Dining, dancing and a stage show, it was announced, would go on that evening in the ship's ballroom even though it would be in drydock at that time.

Within 48 hours repairs had been made and the ship was on its way again. Of the 350 passengers, only one canceled.

One reason this incident was handled so neatly was the presence aboard the *Uruguay* of Eleanor Britton, a female counterpart of Mr. Smith among cruise directors. A tall, zesty blonde, Miss Britton was a Jersey City stenographer un-

til she won a beauty contest and decided to go to sea.

She has traveled about 800,000 miles on cruise ships and made friends with some 25,000 "cruise mates" with whom she corresponds. She keeps their names in a book and to refresh her memory identifies each with scribbled notations such as "she fell in the pool"; "all he wanted to do was play darts," etc.

One of Mr. Smith's veteran assistants is sea-going golf pro Neal McGeehan who claims he is a good example of what can happen to a man who lets his curiosity get the better of him. In 1937 rumors of golf lessons being given aboard a ship piqued his curiosity. He stopped around at the Holland-America Line offices in New York and met Mr. Smith. Since then Mr. McGeehan has made more than 50 cruises to the Caribbean, visited almost every island in the West Indies and twice sailed around South America.

TODAY golf lessons constitute only a small portion of Mr. McGeehan's work as a member of the Smith team. He also referees potato races, acts as cashier during bingo games and entertains guests at cocktail parties. Above all, he has become a character actor. Because of his bulk and size, Mr. Smith calls on him to play roles ranging from Santa Claus to South American generals at costume balls during the cruise.

Pre-McGeehan Santa Clauses always had been Smith-appointed passengers, but on one cruise the appointee overextended himself at a cocktail party and fell into a deep slumber. In the moment of crisis, Mr. Smith glanced quickly over his staff, pointed at McGeehan and cried, "All right, Neal, you're Santa Claus!"

Mr. McGeehan has been inclined to give his sea-going golf pupils the double once-over since the time he noticed a small man in a sporty costume watching him instruct the first few days out.

"Would you like to hit a few, sir?" inquired Mr. McGeehan, proffering a club.

"Why, yes, thanks," was the reply. For the next ten minutes, Mr. McGeehan worked to correct the man's swing.

Finally, he asked, "How did you happen to take this cruise?"

"Oh," said the pupil. "Didn't you recognize me? I'm the new accordionist in the ship's band."

"That's all, brother," cried Mr. McGeehan, snatching back the club.

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INDUSTRIAL CENTER OF
OPPORTUNITY

Chesapeake & Ohio Railway

Europe's New Type of Businessman

(Continued from page 35)

modity both to sell and buy. The full extent of Mr. Ross' success, however, is shown by two facts: 1, he's already embarked in the fruit and vegetable-freezing business; 2, with Britain now exporting fish to the U. S., he's selling cod in Boston.

Often, the most bitterly beset (and overlooked) individual in the entire European economy is the small businessman. In France, for example, men with bright ideas, but little money are often halted by difficulties in obtaining bank credits. Banks generally favor well entrenched companies; interest rates are inordinately high—around one per cent per month.

But a healthy swing in the right direction was taken last year by Andre Coret, a management consultant (a rare occupation there) and general delegate of *Les Jeunes Patrons* (like the Junior Chamber of Commerce). Mr. Coret has banded together 89 companies (representing seven different industries) into a voluntary credit cooperative called "Societex," whose aim, he says, is "to make better use of money," both for businessmen requiring short-term loans to meet a seasonal need (or opportunity) for raw materials as well as those looking for long-term investment capital.

Under Societex (which begins operating this spring), member companies running a surplus will offer loans at half the current interest rates to other noncompeting members. These loans, however, will not be just for the asking. Members will have to submit monthly balance sheets. Only those showing up better than average in their fields can borrow money. This, Mr. Coret feels, will encourage individual enterprise by "dropping out the deadwood," also by stimulating investment in member companies (whose credits are thus assured)—and Societex may someday be the beginning of a new economic bill of rights for the European small businessman.

One of the most glaring European weaknesses is managerial—in the comparatively small number of executives who have worked up through the ranks. Too many companies are family affairs, passed from father to son. Bankruptcy is apt to be regarded as a blot on the old family escutcheon, workers as mere peasants in overalls—and

when you raise their wages, it's like taking food out of your unborn grandchildren's mouths.

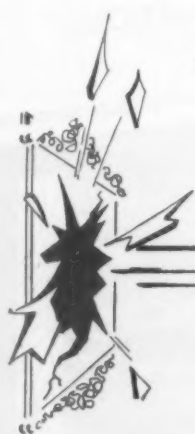
There are two schools of thought discernible among U. S. government officials who deal with European business. One can be summed up as the "let-them-do-it-their-way" school, the other as the "make-em-do-it-our-way" school. Americans abroad can offer many telling arguments to support both theories—and the longer they've been abroad, the more telling and tenuous the arguments. But everyone agrees that Europe's future depends on overcoming the sometimes stultifying class distinctions and inequality of opportunities.

In general, they have a long way

to go in this direction—but there are many hopeful signs, particularly in France and Italy, the two countries most heavily besieged by the Communists. Still, men like those named earlier are too few and far between to beat down the empty howling promises of the Communists with the cold, hard, facts of economic self-interest.

One thing is certain, however—if thousands of other Europeans could be induced to follow their examples, to personify this same kind of economic thinking and enterprise, we would be well on the road to solving many of Western Europe's knottiest problems.

The next few years will tell whether the men listed here are merely isolated sprouts in the European economic wilderness—or sturdy harbingers of a new crop of businessmen that can be the salvation of capitalism in Europe.



JINX BUSTING IS PART OF THE JOB



IF YOU happen to be one of those people who are superstitious about breaking a mirror, consider well the case of the Ashenfarbs of the Bronx, N. Y. They've been busting mirrors with joyous abandon for 72 years. For the past 50 the American Mirror Works has kept records of breakages as a hobby, to refute the age-old superstition.

Not one of the 80 employees, reports Barnet Ashenfarb, 71-year-old president, has ever had seven years bad luck, been kicked by a mule or had a house fall on him as a result of breaking a mirror in the factory. Nor has anyone, report his sons Sam and Henry, who are executives of the company, ever been bitten by a cobra, fallen

down a manhole or been trampled by an elephant.

The Ashenfarbs make 10,000 mirrors a day—for automobile manufacturers, and for luggage, vanity cases and pocket-books. The executives encourage employees to smash an occasional mirror to let off steam and to disprove superstition. About 500 mirrors are smashed for these purposes each day.

"It's a good idea to heave one every once in awhile," explains the elder Ashenfarb. "On the house. Keeps the jinx out of mind."

—EMILE C. SCHURMACHER



HARRIS & EWING

The new team moves in *The work of the 83rd*

Congress will depend on the committee chairmen on Capitol Hill who will guide the Administration's program **By DON YOUNG and RAYY MITTEN**

NO PRESENT Republican senator ever has served under a Republican President. Only 15 Republicans of the 435 House members have worked with one of their party in the White House.

In 1947, Republican majorities organized the Eightieth Congress. But a Democratic President was head of the executive branch. So there was a running fight between the ends of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Now there is talk of a honeymoon between the legislative and executive branches—just as there was in 1933 after a Democratic sweep. For the first time in more than 20 years, the Republicans take over control of the Government with leadership in both the White House and Congress.

Thirty-three million voters provided this new combination of manpower last Nov. 4. That is authoritative support for any team!

Yet, such backing remains to be "sold." Only results count. A year or two, the backers say, should suffice to demonstrate what the new talent can do.

A good year and eager partisans will say, "What else can we do?" A bad, or even mediocre, year and they will chant: "Well, we made a mistake and you'll have to go."

The voter who gleefully cele-

brated after the election has now regained his aplomb; his vision is clearer; he has reassumed his critical appraisal of all situations.

He finds Republicans in the majority—even though only by a hair—in both Senate and House. They will be chairmen of committees, not just "top-ranking" minority members. The 1952 Minority Leader in the House becomes the powerful Speaker of the House in 1953. The 1952 Speaker drops down to Minority Leader. And the 1952 "Veep" who presided over the Senate is relegated to the ranks of elder statesman of a party that suddenly is out of power.

This voter properly resists the impulse to muse that he "never had it so good." It becomes his task to help out in the decisions that lie ahead, to get behind the new Congress.

First he should get to know his own representatives on the team; check their background, test them out on their plans, consult with them as to his own wishes even though he has elected them to represent him.

Above all, he promises to help out in the challenging decisions that lie ahead.

And well he might, for his new Congress is only now opening the season!

A half-dozen factors serve to temper his enthusiasm, deepen his interest.

First, any new Congress takes weeks to get itself organized and squared away for action. Once the new party leaders are chosen, the painstaking task begins of assigning members to committees in numbers sufficient to produce a majority. (The Democrats simply lop off a few names, probably those defeated for re-election.)

Second, who will say what in which messages to Congress? What will the "Administration program" be? For many years, a President has greeted Congress each January with messages on the "State of the Union," the "Economic Report," and the "Budget." But he is *required* to submit only the one on the budget before he retires in favor of his successor in formal ceremonies on the steps of the Capitol Jan. 20.

Third, the strength of the coalition of conservative southern Democrats and northern Republicans remains to be determined. That combination has quietly charted the course of Congress in the past few years. It probably will again, for most southern members were re-elected and there are a few more Republicans on the northern sector. Yet dissident, bickering

components of a majority party in Congress frequently find a new solidarity when they become a minority fighting a common opponent.

Fourth, trial by fire awaits promises from both the executive and legislative branches that there will be "consultation" before and after legislative programs are submitted to Congress. Both General Eisenhower and Senator Taft have taken that approach. The Democrats sporadically followed that course in the past 20 years.

Fifth, a new President traditionally enjoys quite a honeymoon not only throughout the country but in Congress. Such a delightful situation would seem to be in the cards in 1953. Yet erstwhile political opponents of Mr. Eisenhower who now say they differ with him only in "degree" will remain a dangerous potential. This is particularly true in the field of foreign policy and foreign aid.

Sixth, the President-elect must translate campaign statements into precise legislative recommendations. Even if those proposals tread on dangerous ground, as many of them must, his new approach—even his general popularity—may carry him through.

During the campaign, Mr. Eisenhower spoke feelingly about the necessity of reducing federal expenditures. For that he was loudly cheered. But he did not get down to cases.

The general not only called for a \$19,000,000,000 reduction (to \$60,000,000,000) in federal expenditures to be attained over a four-year period and a balanced budget, but he held out the promise of badly needed tax reduction. At present, the Government is operating on a deficit of \$10,000,000,000; revenues of \$69,000,000,000 compare with outlays of \$79,000,000,000. If the new Administration continues to operate on such a deficit, it will have no sound ground for advocating any kind of tax cut.

He spoke in detail of the necessity for leadership in developing foreign policy. But only the broadest possible alternatives to the Truman-Acheson approach found a place in his major speeches.

But no matter what may be the "Administration program," no matter what legislation others may propose, the basic preliminary work will be done in the committees of Congress.

Woodrow Wilson, a student of government long before he ever dreamed of becoming President of the United States, stated in his book, "Congressional Govern-

ment": "Congress in session is Congress on public exhibition; Congress in its committee rooms is Congress at work."

He added: "I know not how better to describe our form of government in a single phrase than by calling it a government by the chairmen of the standing committees of Congress."

This is probably also the best way to describe the most important change which occurs when control of Congress passes from one party



to the other. This month the Republicans take over control of Congress from the Democrats as a result of last November's elections.

The voter, his interest centered on the exciting presidential race, may give it little thought, but to party leaders and their supporters control of Congress is just as important as control of the White House.

No President has ever really enjoyed working with a Congress controlled by the opposition. To understand why this is so, and why the congressional races are tremendously important, it is necessary to understand how Congress operates.

Outside the field of investigation—a crowded one of late—the great bulk of Congress' work is done by the standing committees, permanent groups with authority to recommend specific legislation. There are 15 of these in the Senate, 19 in the House.

Only bills which have been screened through committees reach the debate stage in Congress. The screening is a big job in itself. In the course of the Eighty-second Congress, which ended last year, some 8,500 public bills were introduced in the House; some 3,500 in

the Senate. House committees reported on a total of 2,297; Senate committees, 2,204.

A piece of legislation may be revised, killed or allowed to die quietly after leaving committee, if indeed it is sent forth at all; but first it is fashioned and formed by the committee itself, with the chairman ruling over this vital process.

A bill on a given subject may be introduced first in either the House or Senate—except for those to levy taxes which must originate in the House. When a bill is introduced, the Speaker of the House or President of the Senate refers it to the committee having jurisdiction over the particular legislative field involved. Each committee is jealous of its jurisdiction and no member can spot an infringement faster than the chairman.

When a bill reaches his committee, the chairman can ignore it. If he does, that usually is the end of it. Sometimes the sponsor can rewrite and reintroduce his bill so that it will be referred to another committee.

If the committee chairman assigns a bill to a subcommittee for study and recommendations, he selects the subcommittee.

When, as frequently happens, several bills on the same subject are referred to a committee, the bill reported out, if any, usually is a composite—generally shaped more to the wishes of the chairman than anyone else.

The chairman decides whether to hold hearings on a bill, whether these hearings shall be by a subcommittee or the full committee under his own direction, whether they shall be open to the public or closed, who shall be permitted to testify and how long the hearings shall last.

The committee chairman's position depends on his party's control and on his own seniority or length of service. Whichever party wins a majority of the seats in the Senate or House or both takes over control of both the chamber and its committees. When a change occurs, the majority party member with the longest period of service on a committee almost invariably becomes the chairman—unless, of course, he was not re-elected. He usually has been top-ranking minority member, a position which the former chairman now assumes. When party control has not changed but for some reason a chairmanship is vacant, seniority of the majority party members is the ruling factor. This is the reason so many Democratic members

from the South—nine in the Senate, 12 in the House—have held chairmanships. Members from that predominantly one-party area have greater security of tenure and, therefore, build up more seniority than members from other areas.

What will the situation be on Capitol Hill now that party control of Congress has changed hands?

The best way to answer that question is to meet the Republicans who will head the committees dealing with important legislation which—definitely or probably—will come before this Eighty-third Congress.

TAXES: Present laws covering individual income taxes, as well as excess profits taxes, expire this year. Taxation therefore will be a No. 1 topic in this new Congress. This legislation is handled by the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate.

The House committee chairmanship goes to Rep. Daniel A. Reed of Dunkirk, N. Y., a lawyer, first elected to the House in 1918. The day before last year's March 17 tax-filing deadline, Mr. Reed announced that, if he should become Ways and Means chairman in 1953, he would quickly introduce a bill to cut taxes back to their pre-Korea levels—unless the country is involved in an all-out war. The day the Eightieth Congress con-

mildly interested in discussing additional tax increases, although Mr. Truman told Congress that legislation to boost revenues was needed.

Taxation legislation originates in the House, with whatever is approved there going first to the Senate's Finance Committee. Its chairmanship goes by the seniority process to Eugene D. Millikin, also a lawyer, who has been in the Senate from Colorado since 1941, and was chairman of the Finance Committee in 1947-48.

Barring total war, Senator Millikin would be sympathetic to proposals for tax reductions. In 1951 he strongly opposed Mr. Truman's request for legislation that would raise \$4,500,000,000 more than the bill the Finance Committee approved.

An advocate of reduced federal spending, Senator Millikin said then that he thought the President could get the equivalent of an additional \$4,500,000,000 "if he'd just put his mind to it and reduce unnecessary expenditures." He added that this would make it possible to avoid an indicated deficit "without breaking the backs of the taxpayers."

CONTROLS: Under the present Defense Production Act, all federal controls over wages, prices and rents expire April 30, 1953; production controls, June 30, 1953. Efforts to extend some or all of those controls seem certain and legislation for extension will be handled by the Banking and Currency committees of the House and Senate.

Chairmanship of the House committee automatically goes, as in the Eightieth Congress, to Rep. Jesse P. Wolcott, an attorney from Port Huron, Mich., who has been in the House since 1931. Mr. Wolcott discredits the so-called direct economic controls—such as those on wages and prices—as having no real inflation-control value. He favors controlling inflation with proper use of the so-called indirect controls—fiscal and monetary controls and taxation—which bear upon money and credit supplies. His view is opposed to that of the committee's former Democratic chairman, Brent Spence of Kentucky.

Homer E. Capehart, Indiana manufacturer, becomes chairman of the Senate committee. He supported the controls program in 1950, after the Korean fighting began, and since has criticized Mr. Truman for not having used his authority to impose wage and price controls quickly enough. The Indiana senator has become prominent

"Nothing is more dangerous to good government than great power in improper hands."

—Calvin Coolidge

vened in 1947, Mr. Reed introduced a bill calling for an across-the-board tax cut of 20 per cent.

Last year he said that 33,000,000 of the 50,000,000 taxpayers moving to meet the March 17 deadline earned less than \$5,000 a year. "It must therefore be obvious that the heavy burden of excess taxation falls not on the rich but on the poor," he declared.

The gist of the Democrat-Republican tax fight in the House in 1951, when rates finally were increased, was that Republicans wanted less federal spending rather than higher taxes while many Democrats, although not opposing a tax increase, felt that the legislation being proposed was inequitable. During the past election year, neither party was even



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in the field of economic controls legislation, and a target of Democratic criticism for the controversial Capehart amendment to the Defense Production Act. It permits manufacturers and sellers of industrial services, as well as food processors, to include in prices increases in most overhead costs incurred before July 26, 1951.

Senator Capehart has not shared Mr. Wolcott's open and direct opposition to wage and price controls. Nor has the Senate Banking Committee's Democratic chairman, Burnet R. Maybank, supported the Democrats' controls program as strongly as did Representative Spence.

AGRICULTURE: Federal support of farm prices may bring the big argument in this field. Legislation guaranteeing 90 per cent of parity for the so-called basic crops—wheat, corn, cotton, rice, peanuts, tobacco—expires in December, 1954, and, therefore, will be up for renewal by this new Congress.

Republican chairmanship of the House Agriculture Committee by seniority goes to Clifford R. Hope of Garden City, Kans., an attorney who has been in the House since 1927. Mr. Hope, like the former Democratic chairman, Harold D. Cooley of North Carolina, favors high support levels. The Kansan is a 90 per cent of parity man for the basic crops.

Chairmanship of the Senate Agriculture and Forestry Committee goes to George D. Aiken of Vermont, who lists his occupation as farmer and has been in the Senate since 1940. Unlike the Democratic chairman, Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana, Senator Aiken favors a system of flexible farm price supports, as opposed to the rigid 90 per cent kind. The flexible supports are tuned to production and, supporters say, are less likely to cause unmanageable surpluses of farm products and require less federal control over farmers themselves.

SPENDING: The Republican Eighty-third Congress should produce—barring an all-out war—a drive to cut federal spending well below present levels—a drive with intensity substantially in proportion to that of a companion one for tax reductions. Head man in the House, as Republican chairman of the Appropriations Committee, is John Taber, 72-year-old Auburn, N. Y., lawyer who has been in Congress since 1923. Mr. Taber, having served as Appropriations chairman before, has achieved considerable renown for his ability and persistence in pinching an appropriations

penny. He is generally considered more tightfisted with tax dollars than Clarence Cannon of Missouri, the Democratic chairman, who can be tough on a budget himself when he takes a notion. Mr. Taber already has served notice of his intent to cut the federal payroll.

Former Chairman Kenneth McKellar of the Senate Appropriations Committee, a Tennessee Democrat who was unseated this year in the August primaries by Rep. Albert Gore, is replaced by Styles Bridges of New Hampshire. Senator McKellar, first elected to Congress in 1911, was generally considered to be more concerned with the power of the purse than with its contents.

Senator Bridges is an economy advocate and has been a senator since 1936.

DRAFT: The present Selective Service Act expires July 1, 1955, but a section covering military reserves expires this year.

Rep. Dewey Short, Missouri Republican, declared in tones once employed as a Chautauqua lecturer when a colleague noted in the House last year that Mr. Short opposed peacetime military conscription: "Yes. I was, I am and I will be tomorrow." Mr. Short is in line to take over the Armed Services Committee chairmanship from the



Democratic chairman, Carl Vinson of Georgia. Mr. Vinson, a one-time Navy supporter who has switched the bulk of his military affection to the Air Force, pushed the present draft law through the House. Mr. Short voted against it.

Senator Bridges also will be in line for the Senate Armed Services Committee chairmanship but it is generally expected that he will let the post go to the second ranking committee Republican, Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts. The latter's views on the draft are substantially the same as those of the Democratic chairman, Richard B. Russell of Georgia.

"The pending bill was not drafted to build up a wartime Army," Senator Saltonstall said in 1951 of the measure which, with the universal military training feature removed, became today's law. "It is a bill drafted to build up our strength so that there will not be another war. If we are strong

enough now we hope and pray no nation will dare fight us."

LABOR-MANAGEMENT RELATIONS: A switch in congressional control returns Senator Taft as chairman of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee, a post he held in the Eightieth Congress when the Taft-Hartley Act was enacted over Mr. Truman's veto. Senator Taft, who has said there is room for improvement in the Taft-Hartley Act, replaces Montana's pro-labor James E. Murray.

With Senator Taft as Labor chairman, the House may be expected to take a back seat to the Senate in labor-management legislation. Chairmanship of the House Education and Labor Committee passes from Graham A. Barden, North Carolina Democrat and a conservative in this field, to Samuel K. McConnell, Jr., of Pennsylvania, an investment banker well versed in the field of labor-management legislation.

INTERNATIONAL TRADE: The Trade Agreements Extension Act expires this year and the inevitable proposals to renew it will be handled by the House Ways and Means Committee and Senate Finance Committee.

The law permits our Government to negotiate reciprocal tariff agreements with those of other countries. It includes, however, an escape clause and a "peril point" provision. Under the former, the Tariff Commission must investigate claims of injury to a United States industry arising from a trade agreement and recommend remedial action to the President, who need not follow the recommendation. Under the "peril point" provision, the Tariff Commission fixes a base for a commodity below which any further tariff reductions might imperil a U. S. industry. If the President negotiates any agreements to reduce the tariff below that base, he must notify Congress and give it the reasons for his action.

Senator Millikin, who will head the Finance Committee, strongly favors both the escape clause and "peril point," which are opposed by the advocates of ever-freer trade.

Daniel A. Reed, up for chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, opposes the present law, which he once termed "iniquitous," and believes Congress rather than the State Department should pass upon tariff agreements.

A Congress, any Congress, is best remembered for its fights—which, incidentally, often are led by the committee chairmen.

Real Estate: An Investment Paradox

(Continued from page 39)

houses are going up every day.) Ten per cent vacancies slice this \$2,000 profit to \$600.

The average prospectus for this type building probably allows for a mere \$1,000 a year for repairs. At present labor rates, an owner could not paint one third of the apartments decently for \$1,000 a year. Considering all other standard structural, electrical, plumbing repairs, the maintenance bill will likely run nearer \$2,000. This puts the operation \$400 in the red as a starter.

Inflation or not, a property that loses money is worse than no property at all.

Good real estate investment possibilities are even harder to find in smaller communities, particularly in towns of the South and Southwest.

"BACK in the opportunity-laden 1940's," a Tucson real estate broker remarked recently, "I used to walk up and down the sidewalks trying to interest people in business lots for \$1,500 to \$2,000. Now they are bringing ten times that price."

Near Tullahoma, Tenn., there is a lot of country which we used to call "the barrens" when I was a boy. A dozen years ago, it sold, when anybody would buy it, for \$10 an acre. But when I visited Tullahoma four or five years ago, this same land was selling readily at \$75 an acre.

New investors sometimes try to pick some dark horse, often non-productive at the moment, property on the off-chance that it, too, may become a financial landmark through the fortunes of real estate. Most hardened real estate men advise against it. They say that picking such a future winner is almost as risky as depending on hitting the daily double at a horse race—unless, naturally, the investor is gifted with prophecy, or else has an awfully hot tip.

Some real estate thinkers advise investors interested in old buildings to look for structures specifically suited, or that can be easily remodeled, to fit the needs of some particular type of tenant. Or, an investor might do this in reverse with a building designed originally for some unusual use by a particular tenant, but no longer used by that tenant. The building might be adapted at small cost to fit the needs of the ordinary types of tenants.

An example of that sort of thing won for James Washington one of the New York Real Estate Board's 1952 awards for making one of the most interesting deals of the previous year. Mr. Washington, renting manager of the Postal Life Insurance Building, built in 1916, faced a double headache: His oldest tenant was planning to move because space for expansion wasn't available, for one thing.

Mr. Washington's second problem was the fifteenth floor, which had a 21-foot-high ceiling to allow for a mezzanine, or balcony. It had been built that way originally for a rug company tenant to display its

"The problem in defense is how far you can go without destroying from within what you are trying to defend from without."

—Dwight D. Eisenhower

wares effectively. The rug firm had moved, and now nobody wanted a floor with a balcony.

The renting agent then got the idea of lowering this balcony to a point halfway between the floor and ceiling, thus making two floors.

The extra floor required little additional steel, plumbing, flooring or electrical fixtures. The tenant who had intended to move away was so impressed he signed a new long-term lease for the floor he had occupied all along, plus both new floors that now existed in place of the one nobody wanted.

A couple of years earlier, Raymond E. Ryan had won a Real Estate Board award for showing a highly discriminating firm how a nondescript old building could be adapted to suit its tastes. The prospect company was the oldest and one of the most staid and conservative firms of insurance underwriters in New York. It was interested in new quarters, but didn't want to build.

Several blocks north of the insurance district was a two-story corner structure, sturdy but with no distinguishing characteristics whatever. The city had taken it over for taxes years before, and it was soon to be sold at auction. Mr. Ryan showed the insurance firm heads how the old building was admirably suited for conversion into a pleasing, graceful colonial design, befitting its sedate tradi-

tions. The men were so pleased that they moved to the new site, although it took them out of the established insurance district. Some other insurance firms were so impressed that they moved headquarters to the same street, thus creating higher values for that area.

In times such as the present, when real estate bargains are hard to find, the investor most likely to succeed is the one who applies thinking and ingenuity of this type, even in the most modest endeavors. Furthermore, he will have the satisfaction of becoming a real estate "developer" instead of a mere "free-rider."

ONE of the most spectacular of the successful, big-scale, "free-thinking" real estate developers at present is William Zeckendorf, who headquarters in New York, but operates nearly everywhere. His exploits are interesting and his type of creative thinking in real estate on a big scale can be applied to almost any community on a smaller scale.

His associates enjoy telling about the time several years ago when Mr. Zeckendorf's company, Webb & Knapp, Inc., was offered for \$700,000 the old New York Riding Club, west of Central Park. Seeing no particular use for the ponderous structure that contained a riding ring 200 feet long, 100 feet wide and 45 feet high, the company declined to buy.

A few weeks later, while caught in a traffic jam near the building, Mr. Zeckendorf took the opportunity to inspect it. The massive dimensions of the riding ring, when he saw it, immediately impressed him as having great potentialities as a studio for television—an industry then just being developed. He bought the property, and informed all broadcasting companies it was available for TV camera work.

The upshot was that he sold it at a \$600,000 profit to the American Broadcasting Company, which converted the old stable into a modern television studio. That company then elected Mr. Zeckendorf to its board, because, as its president told him, "You're the first man in the country to make money out of TV."

Near the middle of Manhattan lies what is sometimes called the "Macy-Gimbel Line." It is the greatest shopping district in New York, and probably in the world, but Mr. Zeckendorf has been working for years to make it even bigger.

Macy's fronts on Thirty-fourth

Street. Gimbel Brothers fronts on Thirty-third Street, a block to the south. They are separated by a long block of buildings between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets. These included a hotel, a theater and a firehouse, and sundry lesser buildings. It was Mr. Zeckendorf's idea to acquire all these properties, and promote there another store to serve as a sort of arcade for shoppers en route between the city's two largest stores.

BECAUSE of many ramified existing leases, this developed into one of the most complicated jobs of property assemblage ever undertaken. It required ten years. One of the main stumbling blocks was the firehouse. Finally, Mr. Zeckendorf managed to convince the city it was advantageous to combine this station, housed in a 50-year-old building, with another of its older fire stations on Thirty-first Street. Mr. Zeckendorf agreed to build, at his expense, a brand-new firehouse at the latter location.

Mr. Zeckendorf estimates the combined properties are now worth \$12,000,000, or several times as much as a unit as they had been in different parcels.

After F. W. Woolworth Company signed to take the first floor and basement of a four-story building he had intended to erect on this site, Mr. Zeckendorf enlarged his plans into a 17 story building and penthouse now going up. Its offices will house part of the soft goods industry presently located in downtown New York.

The deal that has given Mr. Zeckendorf his most satisfaction was purchasing the property now occupied by the United Nations buildings on Manhattan's middle East Side. The most interesting phase of this deal in his estimation—and perhaps to real estate men generally—was that it involved acquiring a completely new concept of a property's value—an achievement that seems particularly difficult for most real estate men to come by. It took even Mr. Zeckendorf, whose imagination is unbounded, two or three days to come up with the concept that resulted eventually in the United Nations headquartering in New York instead of elsewhere.

The property was some eight acres that had been occupied for about 50 years by abattoirs of the Swift and Wilson meat packing companies and about seven surrounding acres of slums. In 1946, the packing companies decided to close their plants, and a broker

offered the land for \$6,000,000, or about \$17 a square foot.

Mr. Zeckendorf reminded the broker that the properties across the way were selling at \$5 a square foot and less. The broker said he knew \$17 was a silly price, but that was what the packing firms demanded. Mr. Zeckendorf asked him to hold off offering the land to anyone else for a few days until he had time to think. He then took some reflective walks among the dismal red brick and stone buildings. And then, as he tells it:

"Suddenly, I realized that this land bordering the slaughterhouses was not inherently worthless. The reason for the price disparity with other land in Manhattan was simply the existence of those slaughterhouses. Visualizing the area without slaughterhouses, I could see it becoming like Park Avenue and the splendidly developed Grand Central area, itself only a niblick shot away.

"I said to my partners: 'Here is the greatest opportunity I have ever seen in my life, and I never expect to see one like it again. This is the situation: They want \$17 a foot for this area. It is immaterial whether the neighboring properties are selling for \$5 a foot, or \$1 or 50 cents.

"The only reason they are selling for \$5 a foot is that the slaughterhouses are there. If you can



think of the area without the slaughterhouses, there is no excuse for \$5 land and there is no excuse for \$17 land. The whole thing is worth \$50 a foot.'"

His company bought the slaughterhouse property, then quietly acquired some eight surrounding acres for about \$9 a foot. Then the broker began laying plans for a development he called "X City," a sort of modernized version of Rockefeller Center. Before his plans were formed, he read that the United Nations, stymied for a suitable location in New York, was on the point of going to Philadelphia.

Heeding a patriotic urge, Mr. Zeckendorf telephoned Mayor O'Dwyer, and offered the property for whatever the UN wanted to pay. Nelson Rockefeller eventually bought about two thirds of it for the UN site for \$8,500,000—a profit of about \$2,000,000 for Mr. Zecken-

dorf. Most real estate men agree that he could have made a lot more, if he had developed it himself—a view in which he concurs.

Now, it is admitted that the average substantial real estate investor, of the \$25,000 to \$50,000 class, will have no such opportunities as have been related here. But the same types of opportunities exist, in a smaller degree in almost every community. It probably won't be converting a riding academy into a TV studio, but there are unused buildings in every town that could be bought reasonably and put to some un-thought-of use, if the investor has the imagination to envision it.

There is only one Macy-Gimbel location, but most towns have nondescript buildings on side streets or alleys that are serving no good purpose. For a practical amount they could be converted into choice store properties in the form of arcades to catch traffic between the rear entrances, perhaps, of leading stores that face upon different principal streets.

AS FAR as new concepts of values are concerned, as illustrated by the United Nations site deal, one store owner in a small midwestern city grasped the meaning of that not long ago when he decided to turn his store's back lot, facing on a secondary street, into a parking lot for his customers. Then he found a parking lot was really needed there for the general public. People wanted to pay to park.

His back lot, idle for years, had a potential income of \$8,000 a year. A year before he would probably have sold the land for that much—possibly to somebody who had seen parking lot possibilities.

Most objective real estate men are convinced that real estate is, indeed, the best of all protections against inflation. But it can also be the most painful of investments if it was bought too high. A property's income will deflate, just like dollars. When that happens, the income often isn't sufficient to equal taxes, depreciation and the other financial entanglements that come with ownership.

After years of high prices in real estate—the present, for example—it is hard, sometimes impossible, for the novice investor to pick up ready-made bargains. He would do better to create his own bargains through acquiring property that is a bargain only because of some special use he has conceived for it. Of course, that takes imagination, which may be harder than money for the average investor to come by.



LAMPS FROM THE SEA

THE QUEST for a harmonious combination of art and a functional object is heightened by the success with which driftwood—the castabout of the seas—has been fashioned into table lamps.

In a new shop devoted exclusively to lighting, Percy Shostac, former teacher and public relations counselor, transforms materials from the sea and also from the hills, into handmade lamps that are as much triumphs of art and form as they are of light and function. Each lamp that he makes at the Heritage Tree Lamp Shop in New York City is an original. Hours are spent on the design as well as the construction of the lamps.

Since a lamp is not complete without its shade, there is another medium for expression. Mr. Shostac, however, confines himself to paper shades and a few simple fabrics which, he feels, give a soft, warm, glowing effect.

One of the guiding principles in this new form is never to tamper with the natural contours of the

tree pieces—this goes for lamps made of ordinary trees as well as driftwood, for while nature is sometimes terrible, it is rhythmic and harmonious, too.



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WRITE TO: Nation's Business

1615 H Street N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

So You Think You're a Wonderful Boss?

(Continued from page 31)

synopsis so that you can make out you're intelligent at some dinner party? And how about the time you went fishing in Colorado with three cronies—and wired back to find you "four different beards and false faces; airmail them by tomorrow for a gag?" I spent the hottest day in our town's history staggering in and out of stores in my search for these little horrors—and when shop clerks asked me sympathetically, "Are they for a children's party?" I always chorused, "Amen!"

What really makes my teeth grit on this Extra Chores deal is when I get the Command Invitation to dine with you and your possible business victim, Mr. Old Sourpuss from Big Rich, Arkansas. You always lead up to this horrible evening with the cagey crack, "A woman creates a pleasanter atmosphere, but my wife refuses to go." Your wife is so right; Sourpuss is the biggest (and oldest) bore on shoe leather—but, frankly, hasn't she more at stake than I in landing his contract? Besides, nobody cares that I'd rather be spending the evening for my pleasure instead of your business.

Speaking of Mrs. Boss reminds me—sometimes I wonder just who I'm working for, you or her. On Extra Chores she's a positive genius. When I think of the dozens of bridge prizes—"nothing above \$5, but make it look like \$50"—that she's had me pick up during my lunch hours! And the right birthday gift for her "rich great-uncle who's blind, deaf, dumb, bedridden and stupid, but you'll know just the thing!" Furthermore, I shall never forget those lost Saturday afternoons last fall, which I spent haggling with dainty little interior decorators because Mrs. Boss was redoing your house and wanted watermelon pink headboards to match the skirt on her dressing table!

Also, for the life of me I can't see why I have to write out all her Christmas cards—as well as thank-you notes for parties she attended (but I didn't). And on the subject of her annual cocktail party I could

make a ringing speech. It's got so I watch the calendar from the start of November and—sure enough—before a week has gone by, in she breezes with a list of names as long as a chimpanzee's arm. Then she gives me the old sweet talk: "Dear, you have such a lovely hand—and there are only 200 cards to be written." But do I get to address a card to ME for the gala party? Don't be as silly as a secretary!

However, back to you, boss, and to my alleged nine-to-five job. Ha! You know, I've often thought that when you first sat down behind a desk, the Pinkerton Detective Agency lost the greatest man-hunter of the century. Or should I say woman-hunter? I refer to your



uncanny ability to track me down after office hours wherever I may be, in order to question me about various business matters. Of course, days go by at the office with never a query about the Dirtworm Plow Account—but just let me get settled under a shade tree beside somebody tanned and terrific on a country week end, and the telephone begins jangling in the far-away house. It's always you, and you always start the same way: "Sorry to bother you, but your roommate told me where you were and I just wanted to check on the..." For the next 20 minutes, I might as well be back at my desk.

Now, if this happened once a week end I wouldn't kick. But remember that week end last fall—and the Labor Day week end—and last July 4? *Five* times you called me on each of those week ends. Thanks to you, during each of those week ends I came near losing another Man of Possible Distinction. Ah, the romantic aura you create for me!

There are only a few more beefs left, and then I'm done. The first is this: you're supposed to be the genius, and I'm supposed to be your stooge. This being the case, why don't you ever try writing a whole letter by yourself? Why is it that, more than half the time, you reveal the literary ability of an Ozark mountain man? You remark casually, "Now in this letter to Joe, tell him to go jump in the lake on his what-you-muh-call-it deal."

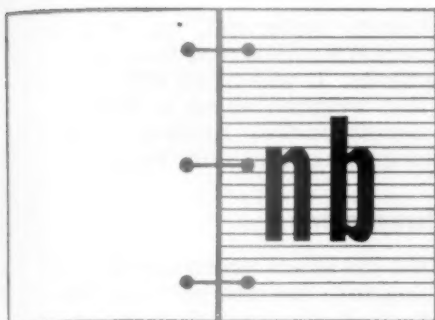
From this skeleton of an idea, rudely put, I'm supposed to write a two-page letter larded with flattery, charm, and business acumen. What's more, I do write same—then you sign it.

Furthermore, if you're supposed to be the genius, I think it's high time you wrote your own speeches—not just collect the jokes for them! I hereby suggest that you dredge through those tedious business bulletins to get the research for your annual speech to your luncheon club, instead of me. Then I suggest that you write your own speech. Maybe, once you've done it yourself, you'll stop complaining that I don't know anything about speech writing. (What irony! Secretary, am I? . . . Among many other things, I'm a ghost writer!)

One time when Samuel F. Pryor, Jr., vice president of Pan American Airways, was talking about his secretary, Frances Schooner, he said, "A man who is a success owes it to just three women: his mother, his wife, and his secretary." If this is so, boss, why don't you treat the third woman in your life with the same consideration you give the first two?

There. Now I've got it all out of my system . . . all but one thing. In spite of all your many faults, boss, you're such a model man to me that I'm forever comparing my swains with you. And they always come off second best!

Therefore I remain,
Your Secretary—right or wrong!



notebook

Young men in action

THE Junior Chamber of Commerce, Jaycees, for short, whose customary program includes such civic-minded projects as leadership training, youth activities, Teen-Age Road-e-o's, fire prevention and whatever else needs doing at a given time, have now set themselves what looks from a distance as the most difficult undertaking of all. That is to pick the young men who have been outstanding in Jaycee communities in the past year.

These young men will be honored as a part of the observance of Jaycee Week, Jan. 14-21. In the course of those seven days, Jaycees in some 2,060 communities will pause briefly in their own civic efforts to:

1. Commemorate the founding of the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce in St. Louis, Jan. 21, 1920.

2. Present Distinguished Service Awards to young men whose civic contributions in the past year have been outstanding. The winners must be between 21 and 35 years old. They need not be Jaycees.

3. Select the ten young men in America who made the greatest contribution of time and talent for their community, state and nation in 1952. These ten will receive national recognition at the Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Year banquet in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Jan. 17.

The organization conceived the awards as yet another way to encourage the average citizen to take a more active part in, and greater responsibility for, civic affairs.

Women as directors

IF YOU want the best possible employee relations—elect a woman to your company's board of directors.

That is the advice of Eugene H. Clapp, II, president of the Penobscot Chemical Fibre Company, of Boston. His own firm has two.

"One or the other of them visits the plant almost every month and talks to our employees as indi-

viduals," he told the Young Presidents' Organization recently, adding that the value although "immeasurable in dollars and cents, is inestimable."

"By this means," he said, "we often get a different slant on employee thinking that would otherwise be unavailable to us."

As additional means toward good employee relations, Mr. Clapp recommended: A smile and friendly greeting even when you have gotten out of the wrong side of the bed; a newsy employee publication that sticks to facts; mailing to homes nonpartisan circulars on voting, taxes and the free enterprise system; weekly foreman's meetings at which policy as well as production and maintenance are discussed; an annual management dinner where the profit picture is explained and future plans discussed; twice-yearly review of salaries; promotion from within the organization; a visit to the mill by office personnel; a suggestion system with monetary awards.

Too many promises

"THE DAY when the office worker can turn a switch and then sit down while computing machines translate several poems from the ancient Greek, compose a symphony or two, solve all the firm's accounting problems and round off the day with a few games of chess" is a long way off, according to Prof. Howard H. Aiken, director of the Computation Laboratory, Harvard University.

In his opinion, unbounded optimism has led scientists engaged in developing scientific computers to make too many promises.

The completely automatic office can't be developed at all, he says, if "we are to keep on doing things the same old way."

"The computer designer knows nothing about the insurance business, for example," he points out, "and the insurance executive knows little about the detail of electronic procedures. The two must be brought together, perhaps

by university courses in electronic equipment for businessmen and training of young scientists for specific business jobs."

Behind the atomic-powered sub

"MEN WHO don't know an atom bomb from a pebble on a beach" have a large part in building the engine for the nation's first atomic-powered submarine.

Except for this kind of industrial teamwork the task could not be done at all, in the opinion of Charles H. Weaver, manager of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation's Atomic Power Division, which is doing the work.

"From the time the division was organized," he says, "until today, 68 cents of every dollar paid to Westinghouse for this task has been passed along to subcontractors and suppliers."

These subcontractors, naturally, are not scientists. They are craftsmen skilled in turning out devices or equipment—some of it entirely re-engineered or redesigned to meet new needs.

"In the past 18 months," Mr. Weaver says, "Westinghouse has bought parts and materials from 122 different cities. Some 75 per cent of the suppliers were companies employing less than 500 persons. About 21 per cent were large companies, five per cent were universities, associations and foundations. One particular set of drawings came from a one-man company—a draftsman in business for himself."

Words and wires

ALTHOUGH it is a little late for political campaign stories, the Western Union Telegraph Company has just announced that the 1952 set-to-established a record: It was the wordiest in history.

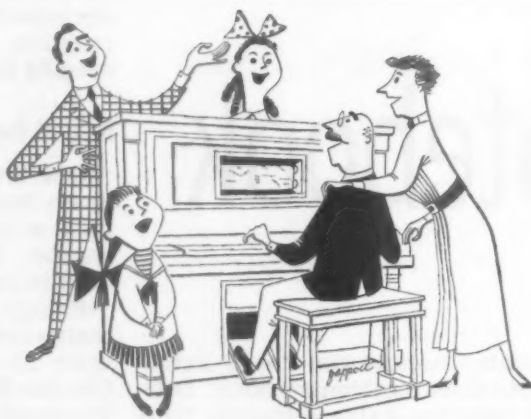
The company handled more than 35,000,000 words of news and oratory—handily outdistancing the previous high, 25,000,000, emanating from the Coolidge-Davis campaign in 1924.

The "battle of the whistle stops" originated some 12,000,000 words, half again as much as originated from the Truman and Dewey trains in 1948.

The tabulation does not include the 6,000,000 words telegraphed after Senator Nixon's telecast, or other wires in connection with the campaign but not actually a part of it. Nor does it include an estimated 1,500,000 words sent as a result of the election itself.

Biggest single job handled was a

THE OLD PIANO ROLL BLUES



A LITTLE more than a quarter-century ago, the player piano was an important fixture in American family life. While Dad sat and pumped the foot pedals, Mother and the children would gather around and sing the old favorites from the words stenciled on the paper rolls. With the advent of radio, the old pianola was traded in, abandoned, or sold for junk, and a million-dollar industry expired almost overnight.

One man remains who refuses to bow to the times. He is Maximilian Joseph Kortlander, known as Max, who firmly believes the player piano may some day stage a comeback. When that day arrives he will be ready. He is the last remaining maker of player piano rolls in the United States, perhaps in the world. All the old firms—Aeolian, Ampico, to mention two—have quit making piano-player rolls.

Now 62, Mr. Kortlander was a piano roll pioneer. The son of a Grand Rapids, Mich., liquor dealer, he joined the QRS (Quality, Reliability, Service) company in 1915 as a recorder and composer. One of his songs, "Tell Me," brought him \$100,000 in first royalties. He became a director of the firm in 1919 and remained with it until he owned it. When the player piano craze was at its zenith, the company was selling 10,000,000 rolls a year.

Today, operating as the Imperial Industrial Company of 699 East 135th Street, New York, Mr. Kortlander is still putting out QRS rolls. His small staff includes his brother Herman, and J. Lawrence Cook,

the chief (and, in fact, sole) recorder. There are 1,200-odd titles in the QRS catalog.

When Mr. Cook cuts a new tune today, the first run is about 90 copies. That figure usually takes care of the demand, with a few to spare. The firm puts out anywhere from ten to 20 new titles each year. The biggest seller in recent years has been "Beer Barrel Polka." "Tennessee Waltz" is popular, too.

Mr. Kortlander estimates that there are about 100,000 players left in the U. S., of which about 5,000 are coin operated.

Master rolls once were cut by hand. Today, when the recorder strikes a chord on the cutting piano, knife-like punches put the corresponding holes in the master.

Artists like Godowsky, Paderewski and Bauer used to record for high fees. Godowsky's last session, in which he cut ten numbers, brought him \$10,000.

The late Fats Waller made many rolls and some of his selections still appear in the QRS catalog.

Some years ago, in an effort to bring back the pianola, Max Kortlander had a spinet model made up at a cost of around \$10,000. It was the hit of the New York Music Show, but no piano manufacturer yet has ventured to put it into production. But Mr. Kortlander has by no means given up hope; he is confident that the player may some day return to its old, proud status. Meanwhile, his business, as he says, "keeps rolling along."

—MARTIN SCOTT

candidate's statement on campaign contributions and fund disbursements. It was filled with figures and weighed about a pound. One correspondent handed it to the telegrapher and said "send it."

Best foremen ever

AMONG the assets which the country takes into the new year are the best-trained foremen that industry has ever had. Accepting the fact that the modern foreman gets results from leadership, not by barking orders, manufacturing industry alone spent some \$60,000,000 last year in training foremen and supervisors, frequently permitting these men to take time off from their jobs to attend conferences and classes.

Although human relations techniques comprised the major part of this training, the National Foreman's Institute reports that the curricula also included courses designed to give better understanding of the American business system.

In addition to better training, the foremen start the year with many prerogatives unknown ten years ago. Such "status raising" accessories as individual desks, name plates, printed business cards and club privileges are now common. In industry generally, foreman's pay increased 15.6 per cent in 1952; number of employees per supervisor fell from 30 to 22; the number of foremen increased 30 per cent; and vacation and bonus privileges were put on the same level as for higher management.

Ten top opportunities

"HEBETUDINOUS nonsense is all this talk of recession after defense reaches a peak. If America is ending a cycle, it is only to enter another beyond calculation."

With that idea in mind, the top corporation executives of the York Engineering & Construction Company and the York-Gillespie Manufacturing Company of Pittsburgh put themselves to the task of selecting the ten greatest fields of opportunity for America.

The top ten, "selected not so much for profit as for advancing civilization and culture in America and the world" are:

Fuel from atomic energy; electronic brains; push-button factories; engineered homes; television advances; the small car; new metal processes; advances in rare earths; antibiotics and farm chemicals and better plastics.

Runners-up included: Hydro-

electric power; printed electronic circuits; the helicopter; guided missiles; synthetic oils; more materials from the sea; new test-tube fibers; newer silicone products; soft X-rays in food preservation; wireless transmission of electric power; ceramic fibers and new building aggregates.

Having made the choices, the choosers quickly admitted that all of them did not agree on the top ten and that many variations would be defensible. They call their list "an educated guess for which we have drawn on experience and imagination. There may be errors. But the greater chance of error lies, not in the possibility that any of these ten will fail, but that other developments, now unknown, will overtake them."

"Hebetudinous" means "dull" or "stupid."

Faith in kids rewarded

FRANK C. RUSSELL, president of the F. C. Russell Company, manufacturers of combination windows, still has faith in kids.

When, in November, 1951, he announced that his company would repair free-of-charge all windows broken by sandlot baseball and football players, he won a varied response. Many people praised him as a benefactor of boys. Others insisted that he was encouraging juvenile delinquents to unleash their best efforts at destroying property.

Mr. Russell stood pat. He printed and distributed 500,000 "National Sandlot Baseball-Football Window Repair Guarantee" cards. He got up T-shirts for the summer and sweat shirts for the winter.

Along the way he organized these window-breakage insured sandlot ball players into the Rusco Rangers.

He did not overlook the sales possibilities.

A Russell salesman knocks on the door of a home in Suburbia and inquires if the family has youngsters of ball-playing age. If there are, he hands out guarantee cards and T-shirts and asks if he may return in the evening "to talk baseball with the kids and the man of the house and to show a movie of the window plan in action."

A tally at the end of the year showed that, under the plan, the company had repaired windows in 2,486 homes and 26 miscellaneous buildings at a total cost of \$15,000. Meanwhile distributors reported business increases ranging from ten to 20 per cent immediately following the start of the program.



Pete Progress and the lady on her high horse

"Good morning, Mrs. Tillinghast," said Pete Progress.

"I see nothing very good in it, Mr. Progress," said Mrs. T.

"Something bother you?" asked Pete.

"Something!" exclaimed Mrs. T. "A lot of things."

"Name six" said Pete.

"Look at those dingy stores—why they're much prettier over in Boskerville. And then there's the salespeople. And the parking conditions. And the . . ."

"Hey, slow up," said Pete, "before you blow a gasket. Trouble with you is you're always looking down on things."

"How do you mean?" said Mrs. T. slowly alighting from her high horse.

"Well, for instance," said Pete, "down at the Chamber of Commerce they're

always looking up, always getting together to make the town a better place, always giving instead of taking."

"So?" queried Mrs. T.

"So," answered Pete, "if more people would join the Chamber, we'd get more done. The Chamber is already making plans for dressing up this town, among other things. And it darn near has the parking problem solved. And it . . . say, where you off to?"

"I'm going to see Archibald," said Mrs. T.

"Archibald?" asked Pete.

"My husband," said Mrs. T. "And about that giving and taking—I'm starting right now. I'm certainly going to give it to Archibald for not taking part in the Chamber's work before this."

Your chamber of commerce is working for you. Why don't you help them?





IT'S YOUR BUSINESS

WHETHER you like it or not, you're in the insurance business. You may share its assets. Certainly you will share its liabilities. For the business—the largest insurance system the world ever has known—belongs to the people of the United States.

It was nearly 18 years ago that the people, through Congress, approved the Social Security Act. That established the business. Its aim is to protect the people against destitution in old age.

The act has two principal instruments. The more important is the Old Age and Survivors' Insurance system. That's the long-range arm. Under it men and women who meet specified conditions of employment are taxed a part of their pay. Their employers are taxed an equal amount. The receipts from these levies go into a fund intended to provide an income for those who pass their sixty-fifth birthday and cannot or do not choose to continue work.

The other arm, which was intended to be a more or less temporary instrument, is the Old Age Assistance program. It was set up to take care of the aged who were in need and who had not yet built up sufficient credits under the contributory insurance system—the interim folks, and some others left out of the contributory system entirely. Under this arm the federal Government matches (in some instances it more than matches) state funds doled out to the unfortunate aged who meet the required measure of poverty.

Well, how are we doing in our eighteenth year in the insurance business?

From a sales standpoint, not so well. At present our nation has 13,200,000 persons aged 65 or older. About 3,800,000 of them still are at work, and are without need of outside assistance. This leaves 9,400,000, a pretty good-sized market by any scale.

But we have only 3,700,000 on the insurance benefit rolls. Where are the others? The largest group is in Old Age Assistance, the relief program. Instead of diminishing as expected, this group has expanded to 2,700,000 men and women.

Another 600,000 are on civil service or railroad retirement lists, which also are supported by federal funds. The other 2,000,000 or so oldsters may be presumed to be retired folks neither eligible for nor desirous of being on the government lists.

Altogether, we appear to have a market of 9,400,-

000 really good prospects for our commonly owned world's largest insurance system. But we've been able to sign less than half of them into the long-range program. The others are in competing plans of their own. Why? Because, acting through Congress, that's how we run our business.

How about the fiscal aspects? Certainly that's a fundamental part of any insurance system—since we can't pay benefits with money we don't have.

In our trust fund, set aside for payments to the insured, is nearly \$17,000,000,000. Good, big, solid figure, isn't it?

It's surprising how many things might be done with that much money. Many fine-sounding suggestions have been made—lowering the retirement age, adding hospital or medical care or both, increasing the payments. There are many more.

Let's look at the established claims against this trust fund before we talk about blowing it in.

The Federal Security Agency estimates OASI benefit disbursements last year at \$2,220,000,000. By 1960 they will be more than twice that. And in 1970 the liability will be \$7,984,000,000. It will pass \$11,000,000,000 in 1980.

Private insurance experts think that \$17,000,000,000 isn't much at all. The way they figure it, we have already set up benefits that should—right now—be supported by a \$150,000,000,000 trust fund. In fact many of them say our publicly owned system should not be called an insurance program at all—that it bears too little resemblance to the real thing.

In short, we seem to be competing with ourselves, and we appear to be shortchanging the trust fund.

Perhaps that trust fund is an impossible thing. Many well qualified experts say it won't work, for many reasons. Perhaps we should abandon the trust-fund idea entirely, and face up to the job of paying today for the income security we are providing today. Only in that way may we avoid passing on a tremendous cost to the future. And certainly we should somehow get around the necessity for operating four separate retirement systems, all by one Government.

There's much talk of improving the social security program in 1953. There's much room in it for improvement. It's your business, your asset, your liability. Perhaps you'd better look into it.